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AMERICANS ABROAD.—OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

It seems that we are destined, as a nation, to be constantly in trouble in a small way. It has been charged in time past that we are over sensitive, and disposed to take offence where none was intended; that we had that unfortunate sensibility which arises from not knowing exactly our position, and are consequently more sensitive to any real or imaginary affront than are nations of earlier date and of more antiquated history. That we should in our infancy have had some timidity, arising from a want of knowledge of the world, was very natural, and quite pretty to behold, but this should not, and has not lasted, now that we rejoice in vigorous manhood, and are capable of taking care of ourselves. Hardly had the "speck of war" (in newspaper articles) growing out of our Central American affairs been dissipated, and frightened capitalists had begun to unloose their purse strings, than another threatening storm arose about somebody's "yellow vest,"

which was attempted by a thoughtless or an impudent Yankee to be worn in the presence of Queen Victoria. Strange as it may seem, the pulse of the two mightiest nations of the world were quickened, throbbed and palpitated with emotion, at the extraordinary incident. There was alarm exhibited "on 'Change," that cotton fibre, wove into texture and impregnated with saffron, was at the very threshold of the palace of Great Britain's sovereign, and an American ambassador, when he learns the extent of the crime in which he is *particeps criminis*, is lackadaisical as a school girl, retires fainting and confused to his official residence, and occupies his precious time in writing explanatory dispatches regarding the contretemps to the Department of State at Washington! Our national self-esteem under these attacks, although terribly shocked, with the natural buoyancy of youth has recovered its equilibrium, and we have, whether at home or abroad, managed to get along—after a fashion. Our tourists on the continent, and

they are legion, have found themselves respected, their amusing pretensions borne with, and their money, if genuine, not refused. On the whole, the American name was quite a passport to notable places, and the worst, as well as the best of its representatives, got into aristocratic circles along with the crowd, and in many instances were petted and caressed by second-hand nobility and other great folks, who were running to seed either in their morals, or—what is much more deplorable and wicked—in their purses. We say we were getting on, all things considered, tolerably well with our foreign relations; and nothing has happened to shock the real good sense of our people, and make the masses take alarm until recently, when a new and more solemn phase of representation has been inaugurated; and the chances are, that we shall really and truly begin to suffer—suffer in our good name, and by so doing, cause the great principles of our Republican Government to suffer—in fact, absolutely place this



THE BRONZE STATUE OF WASHINGTON, UNION PARK, NEW YORK—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

great country in a false position by the follies and immoralities of some of its worthless citizens, who are, by the accident of possessing money, entirely out of place—ruffians across the water, fellows of the baser sort, clothing themselves in the noble garb of American citizenship, only to soil and tarnish it by conduct unworthy of gentlemen, whether hailing from the prison-bound atmosphere of King Bomba, or from the freer, purer one of our own liberty-enjoying land.

It would seem that a number of Americans, now in Paris, have carried with them the ways peculiar to bar-room politicians, and are endeavoring to introduce Herbert manners abroad, not into the eating-rooms of public hotels, but with higher ambition, have invaded the sanctity of private life, and made the occasion of a ball at the Tuilleries the scene of a drunken brawl, that, for all that is offensive and disgusting, would be admitted even at Washington City as a possible performance. It would seem that these real enemies of our liberal institutions first got beastly drunk, and then forced their way to the Emperor's supper-table, and indulging in liberties "which might be pardoned only in the penultimate hours of a political clam bake." To the honor of the gentlemen present, attached to the Emperor's household, they contended that there must be a mistake somewhere, and that these "barbarians" had obtained admission and uniforms for the ball by some villainous fraud; and so delicate were these French officials, that to keep up the belief that these disturbers of the peace were none other than impostors and suspicious persons, they caused the "detective police," alone called into requisition to catch the lowest thieves or robbers in the French capital, to observe these persons during the remainder of the evening, and follow them home when they retired, that they might be assured they were not persons fairly entitled to invitations to the Emperor's ball. To the surprise of all who esteemed the American character, the police found that there was no fraud; that these persons were, conventionally at least, people of standing in America, and that they were so lost to all self-respect, and to all claims upon them to support an honorable character, that they looked upon being dogged by the police as a good joke, a "sort of lark," and forget their behavior at the private table of their host altogether. If the case we particularly allude to was a solitary one, it could be passed over in silence; but other examples of the same kind have been "whispered about," and have finally got into the papers; and the latest display is now beginning to be looked upon as characteristic of American character and Republicanism and bad manners. Liberty and a total disregard of the amenities of social life, with us are becoming proverbial.

THE BRONZE STATUE OF WASHINGTON, UNION PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

We have in previous numbers alluded to this magnificent statue, and we are happy to find that our first impressions, so favorable to its merits as a work of art, have been confirmed by frequent examinations, and cordially indorsed by the public. The statue stands on the outside of the Union park, southern side, in a most conspicuous position. Literally at the head of Fourteenth street, one of the finest streets in the city, and at the junction of Broadway and Fourth avenue with the park, no more appropriate place could be found; and from the everlasting materials of the horse, rider, and pedestal, we see no reason why it should not be a memento of the liberality and good taste of some of our wealthy citizens, of the genius of the sculptor, and the patriotism of Washington, for centuries to come. The weight of horse and rider is about four and a half tons, distributed as follows: The plinth, 2,000 lbs.; horse, 2,700; the rider and other parts, 3,800. The combination of metals is as follows: Eighty-eight parts of copper, with nine of tin, two of zinc, and one of lead. The body of the horse was cast in one piece, and the thickness of the metal averages three-eighths of an inch. It was cast at Ames's foundry, in Chicopee, Mass. The group is fourteen feet high, and mounted upon a granite pedestal of equal height. The statue faces toward the west. The *Pater Patrie* is represented sitting in the saddle, attired in the Continental uniform. His head is uncovered and his right arm extended, as if he were about to speak. The artist has modelled the face from Houdon's bust, which was modelled from Washington's person. Mr. Houdon came from France in 1785, and reached Mount Vernon on the 3d of October of that year. He spent two weeks at that place, and modelled the head copied in the statue when Washington was in his fifty-fourth year. Washington is holding out his right hand as if blessing the people made happy by this sacrifice and patriotism of himself and his noble compatriots in the dark days of our revolutionary struggle. Altogether it is one of the finest ornaments of our metropolis, and the only monument within its borders. Mr. Brown was four years engaged in its production, for which he was to receive twenty-five thousand dollars—a liberal sum considering it was subscribed by a few public spirited individuals, yet a very inadequate remuneration to the accomplished artist.

CODE DUELLO.—THE NEW YORK FANCY INFECTED.—On Friday night, July 25, while a number of the "Fancy" were engaged over the faro tables, at the gambling hell corner of Broadway and Canal street, some words passed between John Morrissey and Harvey Young, both of whom are well known to the police. The trouble was an old one, and would have remained quietly, as it has for some time past, but for the interference of Young with Morrissey. Morrissey became very angry at Young's interference, and gave him a thrashing for the free use he made of his tongue. The matter would thus have been settled, but for the friends of the two men, who got together soon after the occurrence, at their respective headquarters, and nothing but "fight" has been the theme of conversation among them since. Throughout the city the fancy have been on the *qui vive*, and in arranging the preliminaries for a meeting between the two men, have been very near getting into a fight among themselves. At first the nature of the fight was a matter of discussion, but it was finally settled after the code duello. The following letter was the result of these deliberations on the part of Young's friends, and the document was borne by Ex-Councilman Kerrigan to Morrissey:

NEW YORK, July 28, 1866.
Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY: Deeming myself insulted and abused by you, my physical superior, and believing you to possess some gentlemanly traits, I hope you will accord to me that which is due to a gentleman. What I mean, sir, is satisfaction. The gentleman who will deliver this to you has been by me selected to receive any communication, either verbal or by note, you may be at pleasure to give.
J. E. K.

The original letter was laid before the Mayor, who forthwith issued warrants for the arrest of the parties. Morrissey, hearing of the matter, appeared before the Mayor and stated that he had no intention of accepting the challenge, and would not fight on any account in violation of the laws. This premature settlement of the matter is not at all relished by the fancy, and from present indications, a serious disturbance may be anticipated. Had this meeting been effected, a horrid and bloody affair it would have been, not only between Young and Morrissey, but between the friends of each.

The steamer J. H. Larkin was destroyed by fire about ninety miles below St. Louis, July 28. The boat and cargo are a total loss. The boat was valued at \$100,000, and is insured in the St. Louis offices for \$50,000. Value of the cargo unknown.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

The screw steamer *Indian*, which left Liverpool the morning of July 16th, arrived at Quebec on Sunday morning, July 22, and the steamship *Arabia*, from Liverpool morning of July 19, arrived at Halifax July 23, thus placing us in possession of a week's later European intelligence. The news is interesting, and in some respects important. The papers state that the questions at issue between Great Britain and the United States are in a fair way of adjustment. Spain has again been convulsed with one of those popular insurrections which are so common in that country. The revolt grew out of the opposition compelling Espartero and his colleagues to resign, and the formation of a new ministry, with General O'Donnell at its head. In Madrid the National Guard and citizens fraternized. General Infante and Pacheta, a bull-fighter, headed the revolutionists, and for thirty hours kept up a bloody fight with the troops, but were eventually overcome and the government remained triumphant at every point. Except in Saragossa, at last accounts the insurrection had been crushed out, the national guard had been disbanded, and the country declared in a state of seige. As soon as the news of the insurrection reached Paris orders were issued for the dispatch of an army of observation to the Spanish frontier. There had been disturbances in Copenhagen, incited by the Mormon emissaries, which required the intervention of the soldiery to quell them. Lord Palmerston had stated in Parliament that the English government was not prepared to explain what line of policy it would pursue with respect to the affairs of Italy, as suggested by the Congress of Paris. Late accounts from Italy represent the condition of affairs there as anything but satisfactory. Signs of discontent had become manifest among the army, and a revolt was likely to occur at any moment. The Duke of Cambridge has been appointed commander-in-chief of the British army. King Otto's abdication of the throne of Greece was still spoken of, and Prince Adalbert of Bavaria pointed to as his successor. The Empress of Austria has been confined of a daughter. The cotton market at Liverpool had fluctuated during the week preceding the 19th, but closed firm at the prices current at the sailing of the steamer of the 12th. Breadstuffs, owing to the prevalence of weather unfavorable for the grain harvest, had improved. Consols are quoted at 95½ @ 96½, with no material change in the money market. Previous rates for American stocks were maintained, but the demand was inactive.

By the *Arabia* we have also later dates from China, India, and Australia. The insurrection around Canton had been suppressed, but affairs generally had not materially improved. In India another revolt of the Santhals was apprehended. In Northern Madras all was tranquil. An active export of cotton is reported. Melbourne dates are the 25th of April. Trade was active, and gold had declined to 70s. 6d. There is nothing new in politics. The ship *Royal Charter* had made the voyage from Liverpool to Melbourne in the remarkable short time of fifty-nine days only.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From the South Pacific we have news from Valparaiso to the 15th of June, and from Callao to the 26th. The Chilean Congress had been opened, with a lengthy address from President Montt, in which he congratulates members on the fruits of the foreign and domestic policy pursued by the country, as evidenced in its social order and material progress. Astronomy and music were being largely patronized by the executive. It was thought that Senator Montt would be re-elected to office. Railroads were being more and more developed. The copper yield was good. Flour was still high in the Valparaiso market. In Peru, the Echenique party still entertained hopes of getting him back, though the prospect was by no means favorable. The National Convention was still in session, discussing the new constitution. Yellow fever had diminished; but the scarcity of food, frequent robberies and insecurity of life, rendered it dangerous to live in Lima. The contract for loading guano had not yet passed the Legislature. Business in the south of Peru was very dull on account of the revolutionary symptoms. The Bolivian army was very much disaffected towards the administration, and had already made up a conspiracy against Corvoia. In Bolivia the treasury was in a desperate condition, as a serious defalcation had taken place in the deposits of Peruvian bank. About 2,500 quintals were short in making the deliveries to the new directors. Gen. Belzu and de Oteira manager of Blaye, Quevedo & Co., were accused, and the latter house declared itself bankrupt. Belzu's share was said to be \$700,000. During the first three months of the present year there was extracted from the mines of Coro Cora 17,525 cwt. of copper and 1,576 marcos of silver.

We have news from the Sandwich Islands to the 3d of June. The Legislature had waited on the king in a body and congratulated him in addresses on his approaching marriage, to which his Majesty made a gracious reply. An act had been passed for the suppression of the opium traffic. An executive female ruler, the Governoress of Hawaii, had visited Honolulu on board of H.I.M.'s brig-of-war *Alcibiade*, from Hilo, Capt. de Marigny having seized the opportunity of her wishing to visit Oahu, to offer to the Governoress a passage. On leaving the brig she was saluted with the number of guns prescribed for Governors of Islands.

MEXICO.

From Mexico we have advices to July 22. A conspiracy to restore Santa Anna to power had been discovered at Puebla. Many of the priests were implicated.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

From Central America we have news by way of Panama and of Kingston, Jamaica, to the 17th of June. The Kingston papers report that the union between Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras and Costa Rica, against Walker's government was complete, and that a portion of the Guatemala army had marched to the Nicaraguan frontier. Guatemala, it was said, led the van, notwithstanding her financial embarrassments. The Aspinwall papers state that Senator Herran, Vice-Governor of the State of Panama, positively contradicts previous reports of the disorganized condition of Walker's troops, and asserts, on the contrary, that the General's position was good.

Our advices from New Granada are from Panama and Aspinwall to the 19th of July. Heavy rains had fallen at the last named place, and some sickness prevailed in consequence. The railroad and steamship companies were making extensive wharf improvements. The railroad was in good running order. The American investigation into the circumstances attending the late massacre at Panama had been brought to a close, and the United States Commissioner, Amos B. Corwin, Esq., had arrived at Bogota. Before leaving Panama an entertainment was given to Mr. Corwin, by the friends of that gentleman, who still reside in Panama. There were about sixty persons present, and among the invited guests were Capt. Bailey, Lieutenants Frailey and Jewett, and Dr. Drayton, of the United States sloop-of-war *St. Marys*. The Fourth of July was not publicly celebrated on the Isthmus, but many of the citizens spent that day on board of the *St. Marys*. The United States sloop *Cyane* had touched at Panama. A large lot of treasure had been shipped for England via Aspinwall, from Santa Martha and other places. The Legislature was in session at Bogota and had been discussing many important measures. Costa Rica had given her adhesion to the Colombian federation, and the boundary between the republic and New Granada would thus be speedily defined. There were good reports from the coal mines. The Pacific steamship *Santiago* had met with a dangerous accident on her late trip to Panama, which was caused in consequence of the neglect of the South Pacific coast by the respective governments.

BERMUDA.

We have received files of Bermuda papers to the 16th of July. They contain but little of interest. After a long period of dry weather, during which the whole face of the country had become parched, and fears of a drought began to be entertained, genial rains had fallen, relieving the people of no little anxiety. The military strength of the colony was to be reinforced by the Seventh Fusiliers, and several British gunboats were shortly expected. Rev. James Horne, a highly esteemed Wesleyan missionary, died at Hamilton, July 11th. In the House of Assembly, on the 15th, a petition was presented from Josiah Chase, late Minister of the American ship or vessel called the *Sea Lion*, praying a refund of certain duties paid on the sale of that vessel. It is said that Mr. Mackintosh, late Governor of Antigua, has been offered the Governorship of Jamaica.

WEST INDIES.

The steamship *Tennessee*, Captain Webber, arrived at this port, brings news from Porto Cabello, Lagunayra, St. Thomas and Porto Rico, dated on 12th, 13th, 16th and 18th of July respectively. Amongst her passengers was Mr. J. H. Young, United States Consul at Curacao, bearing papers to our government touching an important commercial treaty lately concluded with the republic of Venezuela. Venezuela was quiet. Cholera still prevailed at Caracas. At Porto Cabello and Lagunayra trade was dull. The captain and carpenter of the ship *Vespasian*, of this port, had died of yellow fever at the first named place. The Governor of Guadeloupe had made a reduction on the duties to be paid on American merchandise. The *Tennessee* having accidentally ran foul of a schooner at Lagunayra, Captain Webber was called on to pay what he thought an exorbitant bill of Lagunayra, (\$600), but refused to do so, and for this was seized by the authorities in a hostile manner and sent to prison.

By the arrival of the bark *Ariel*, Captain Cheseman, we have received advices from Port-au-Prince to July 14th. Captain Cheseman reports that it was perfectly healthy at that place; that there were not, nor had there been during his stay, any cases of sickness among the shipping.

By the arrival of the bark *Maraval*, Captain Perry, at this port from Turks Islands, we have received papers to July 16th. They contain no local news of the slightest importance. A vessel at Grand Turk, from Port-au-Prince, reports that the Emperor Rouleau was about to acknowledge the independence of the Dominican republic, and that a treaty of peace will shortly be concluded between the two parties who inhabit the island of St. Domingo. Commissioners are to be appointed by both governments for the purpose of fixing the boundaries, and the English and French consuls are to act as umpires in any dispute which may arise. Hopes are entertained that the peace may be lasting, and that much good will result therefrom to all parties concerned.

The steamship *Isabel*, with Havana dates to July 25, has arrived at Charleston.

Politically there is no news of importance.

Sugars were slightly lower, but holders were generally firm. The crop would prove about one fifth short.

The bark *James C. Hand*, from Philadelphia for New Orleans, was totally wrecked on Orange Keys, Bahamas, July 16th. Part of the cargo was saved.

LATER FROM KANSAS.

Col. Lane, at the head of 600 men armed with Sharp's rifles, bowie-knives and revolvers, crossed the Missouri into Kansas recently. After crossing, Col. Lane said he would go no further than, but return and force his way up the Missouri river with his other regiment.

It was reported that a body of Cheyenne Indians had attacked the guard house at Fort Kearney, and rescued some of the Indians confined there, making good their retreat with the loss of three killed.

Col. Fauntleroy, from New Mexico, reports all quiet among the Indians in the northern part of the territory.

Gen. Stringfellow and other citizens of Preston issued a handbill on July 8, calling on all Missourians to go over to Kansas before August, to vote at the November election, under Toombs's bill.

Gen. Smith says if Lane enters Kansas he will arrest him, if it costs him \$500. Lane will remain in Iowa, unless the Missourians attempt to intercept his party. Six hundred Missourians are said to be organized at St. Joseph to intercept Lane's party. There will be a battle if they attempt it. Ninety Cheyennes and thirty Massachusetts men expected to join Lane at Nebraska city.

Gen. Harney has left Council Bluffs for Kansas. There are 300 Mormons at Council Bluffs, 520 miles west of Iowa city. Several hundred others are near it.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE, Thursday, July 24.—The bill authorizing the protection of citizens of the United States who may discover guano deposits was passed. Various Harbor Improvement bills were discussed and passed.

HOUSE.—The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Army Appropriation bill. Mr. Barbour moved to amend the clause appropriating \$3,275,000 for the pay of the army, by adding a disapproval of the code of alleged laws of Kansas, and the manner in which they are enforced, declaring that until they shall be confirmed by Congress, no part of the Federal military forces shall be employed for their enforcement. After a lengthy and animated debate on this proposition, Mr. Stanton moved an amendment declaring the laws of Kansas null and void. This amendment was agreed to by a vote of sixty-seven against fifty-six, and then Mr. Barbour's proposition, thus amended, was adopted by seventy-two against fifty-seven. A resolution was reported from the Committee on Elections, declaring Mr. Reeder entitled to the seat as delegate from Kansas. The resolution will be called up on Wednesday next. The evening session was occupied in political debates.

SENATE, Friday, July 25.—It was private bill day, and the Senate passed upon six, and the House upon twenty of these personal matters, including the bill for the relief of the widows and orphans of the crews of the lost ships *Albany* and *Porpoise*. The pensions commenced from the 18th of April and 29th of June, 1855. The Senate also passed a bill providing for the compulsory prepayment of postage on all printed matter. A resolution was offered calling on the President to answer whether Gen. Smith had been instructed to refuse protection to the citizens of Leavenworth, Kansas, from the border ruffians. The Senate adjourned on Monday.

HOUSE.—A message was received from the President recommending an appropriation of \$300,000 to complete the purchase of and finish the new Post office at Philadelphia. At the evening session the Presidential campaign speeches were continued.

HOUSE, Saturday, July 26.—The House, after passing one private bill and rejecting another, adjourned. Senate not in session.

SENATE, Monday, July 28th.—The diplomatic and consular bill was considered. Mr. Sumner proposed a ten years contract at \$16,080 the lost ship *Albany* and *Porpoise*. The Senate also passed a bill providing for the compulsory prepayment of postage on all printed matter. A resolution was offered calling on the President to answer whether Gen. Smith had been instructed to refuse protection to the citizens of Leavenworth, Kansas, from the border ruffians. The Senate adjourned on Monday.

HOUSE.—The Des Moines Improvement bill was passed. Mr. Dunn moved a suspension of the rules to introduce a bill for the admission of Kansas, but the motion failed. The army appropriation bill was taken up, and Mr. Sherman moved to amend by prohibiting the army from enforcing the present laws of Kansas. After a sharp debate, the amendment was adopted (in committee) by a vote of 88 to 40.

SENATE, Tuesday, July 29.—An appropriation was refused to test the practicability of the atmospheric telegraph. The internal improvement bills on the calendar were considered, and several of them passed.

HOUSE.—The amendments of the Committee of the Whole to the Army Appropriation bill were considered. Mr. Barbour's amendment, adding a disapproval of the alleged laws of Kansas and providing against the employment of Government forces for their enforcement, and the amendment to this declaring the laws of Kansas null and void, were rejected. Mr. Sherman's amendment, offered on Monday, was concurred in by 91 to 80, and the bill was ordered to be engrossed, and was finally passed by a vote of 89 to 80. Mr. Dunn made a motion, which was agreed to, to reconsider the vote referring to the Committee of the Whole the bill to annul certain acts of the Kansas Legislature, and submitted a substitute for the reorganization of the Territory, providing against the continuance and recurrence of the outrages which have transpired, under cover of the Territorial laws or otherwise. After an unsuccessful motion to table the bill, the substitute was agreed to, and the bill, thus amended, was passed by a vote of 88 against 74.

SENATE, Wednesday, July 30.—The Senate contemplated the agreeable duty of increasing the pay of Congress. No vote taken. Mr. Tulee reported a Vanderbilt mail contract bill, which is to be taken up next Monday. The improvement of Newark harbor, and of harbors generally, was debated without result.

HOUSE.—A bill affording further relief to Revolutionary officers and the widows and orphans of those who have died in the country's service, was debated and passed. The California Land Titles bill was discussed and tabled, by three majority. The Kansas Contested Election was laid over one day, when Mr. I. Washburne gave notice that he should call for the previous question at 3 P. M. The Fortification bill was taken up in committee. No result.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF THE HON. JUDGE ROCKWELL.—The Hon. William Rockwell, Judge of the Supreme Court, Second Judicial District, died at his residence in the town of New Utrecht, July 26. He had been ill but a short time. The direct cause was bleeding at the lungs. Mr. Rockwell had held several offices of honor and trust in the county of Kings, among them those of District Attorney and County Judge. He deceased was about fifty years of age.

DEATH OF AN ARTIST.—The patriarch of American landscape painters, Thomas Doughty, died July 23d, in this city, of a disease of the brain, and in extreme penury. It is a most melancholy close of a long life of poverty spent in the vain struggle to cultivate an art for which there was no compensating demand. Mr. Doughty was one of the first of our native artists who distinguished himself in landscape painting. He was born in Philadelphia, in the year 1793, and spent the early part of his life in the business of a leather dresser, at which he served a regular apprenticeship. His addiction to painting was a pure inspiration, and he adopted it as a profession without even having any instruction. Whatever merit he possessed was the result of his own unaided study and observation of nature. He painted a great number of landscapes, some of which were sold at a good price, and at one time he enjoyed a reputation almost equal to that of Cole. But of later years his pictures had gone out of fashion, and he was put to the necessity, peculiarly mortifying to an artist, of disposing of his productions by means of a raffle. He spent some years abroad, and some of his best pictures are views of English scenery.

Died, in Little Hocking, Washington county, Ohio, July 24th, Mr. John Bartlett, aged ninety years. Deceased was an Englishman by birth, and came to this country just after the close of the Revolutionary war and took up his residence in Hagerstown, Maryland. He was by trade a carpenter and builder, and was for some time in the immediate employ of General Washington. He constructed some of the first buildings that were ever erected in the city of Washington.

CITY MORTALITY.—From the report of the City Inspector we learn that there were 691 deaths in this city during the past week, viz: 85 men, 76 women, 265 boys and 265 girls; showing an increase of 100 over the mortality of the week previous.

DEATH OF AN OLD PRINTER.—Mr. Frederick A. Hepburn, a well known printer, died suddenly of disease of the heart, at his residence, No. 140 South Third street, Williamsburg, July 29. Mr. Hepburn was one of the oldest members of the craft in this city, where he was born and served his time. He was much respected by his fellow-workmen, and by all who knew him. He leaves behind a wife and seven children.

Samuel Cornwell, alias Fat Sam, a noted highway robber, died July 28, at the Brooklyn hospital. He was one of the most desperate characters that ever infested this country, and his boldness at times was astounding. He appeared to take no account of the condition, peculiarly, of his victim, knocking him down and robbing him with the same satisfaction, whether he obtained a dollar or five hundred dollars.

TELEGRAPHIC SPARKS.

A destructive fire occurred in North street, Boston, July 29, destroying Jefferson block and several tenements in the rear and the corner of North and Clark streets; also a stable owned by John Seaver. Jefferson block was occupied as a grocery and clothing store and by several families, and was owned by Cornelius Doherty. The buildings destroyed were mostly occupied by Irish families and as sailors' boarding houses. By falling walls, Charles A. Warren, a fireman, was killed, and three others badly injured. The bodies of a man, woman and five children were taken from the ruins so defaced as to defy recognition. It is rumored that several other lives have been lost. The loss is estimated at \$75,000.

The thunder-shower which passed over Boston and vicinity, July 28, was very severe. At Watertown the steeple of the Orthodox church was blown down; buildings were struck by lightning in West Cambridge and other places. The engine-house of the Worcester Railroad Company was struck and set on fire, but the flames were speedily extinguished.

Almost a tornado occurred at Cincinnati, July 29. Rain fell in torrents. Trees were uprooted, awnings demolished. On Third street some buildings were blown down, killing one man and wounding five or six others.

The young man Jarboe, tried at Washington, July 29, in the Criminal Court for the murder of Nealey, by shooting him for the seduction of his sister, has been acquitted. The jury were only out about fifteen minutes; and, on the announcement of the verdict, the crowd expressed their joy by excessive applause, and eagerly pressed forward to congratulate the avenger of his sister's wrongs. The result has produced general rejoicing.

The *State Gazette*, a Fremont paper, at Trenton, N. J., has been purchased by G. W. Tolles, and will come out for Fillmore. The change creates some excitement, and a new republican paper will be started.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE, FOURTEENTH STREET.—It is correctly reported that the stockholders of this musical *Morgue*, (where defunct operatic managers may be seen waiting to be claimed—but having no friends there is no chance of their being recognized,) it is said, remain obstinate. They will not give up the interest on their bonds, nor relinquish the little perquisites attached thereto. Neither will they make an advance to meet the interest upon the debts of the concern, in short, "they won't do nothing." This "masterly inactivity" is in perfect keeping with the whole management of the building, from its inception to the last decorative flourish, and we must compliment the directors upon their consistent conduct. They blundered in the beginning, they blundered in the middle, and they will go on blundering until the end. "Wanted, a Manager," is now the cry, but there is no echo responsive to the call. One only hope remains, and that is looked for from abroad. It is just possible that some rash but enterprising manager may not have heard of the disastrous failures which have attended every operatic speculation in this house, (except the last, Max Maretzek's,) and supposing from the title "Academy of Music," which by-the-by does not belong to it, as the directors have not fulfilled any of its conditions, that it is an establishment of some public consequence, may be induced to take hold of it, and importing a brand new company endeavor to arouse the operatic world to enthusiasm. If there be so unfortunate a man, we can only pray for him, although, let it be understood that we consider beyond the aid of prayer. If such a man cannot be found, and Lord Palmerston insists upon keeping the Chevalier Wyckoff near him for the benefit of his advice during the prorogation of Parliament, we abandon the Academy in despair.

In the meantime, as no manager offers, would it not be a stroke of policy in the directors to act up to the letter of the charter by making the Academy of Music an academy indeed? Let them open gratuitous singing classes for the laboring population; let them aid in cultivating the "sweet voices" of the "unruly mob;" let them invite the little singers of our ward schools to unite weekly in this costly temple of music, raised by private liberality and dedicated without hope of reward or perquisites to art purposes, for the love of the art! Here is an opportunity for the display of a philanthropy, at least equal to sending blankets, bears grease and small-toothed combs to the African savages. The building might be known for the time being, until a manager is obtained, as the "General Ward School Vocal Union." Teachers without number might be found among the manufacturers of music books, upon the condition that they should be privileged to display of their systems to the unfortunate scholars. It is a rare plan, combining dignity with utility—qualities not mentioned in the charter nor observed in the past career of the, by courtesy, Academy of Music. We throw out the hint for what it is worth, and leave the stockholders the option to act upon it or not.

Some idea of the way in which Londoners amuse themselves may be had from the following extracts. Our readers are all pretty well aware of the extent of the Surrey Gardens, and of the many attractions it offers to the public, but the directors found there was still one want, and that was the erection of a vast Concert room, to accommodate the masses at a low price and enable the proprietors, from the vast number of visitors, to offer concerts of the highest class, by an orchestra of immense proportions. The motives which induced the undertaking, and the gigantic nature of the enterprise, will be clearly developed by the following paragraphs:

"To endow a capital containing upwards of two millions of inhabitants, with a spacious music-hall, combining every desirable requisite, the Royal Surrey Gardens Company (limited) was formed, under the provisions of the Act passed in the last Session of Parliament. The directors, at the outset of their undertaking, were fortunate enough to secure in their aid the tried and practical experience of Mons. Julien, who, as conductor of concerts in almost every music hall and theatre in Europe and America, was necessarily a proper authority to guide them in the artistically acoustic details of their projected building. The directors also secured the services of Mr. Horace Jones, an architect of high reputation, from whose plans and designs a colossal music-hall has been erected, in front of the lake of the Royal Surrey Gardens. This building affords accommodation for 10,000 persons, and, owing to its peculiar construction, nearly 10,000 more can hear the music to perfection, protected from the weather by balconies, verandahs, and galleries outside, and breathing an atmosphere as pure as they could enjoy in an open garden. The directors are thus enabled to organize festivals, musical performances, and summer fetes on a grander and more comprehensive scale, and at a greater outlay, than could ever have been attempted, with any hope of successful results, in a building incapable of containing more than 2000 or 3000 persons.

"The Royal Surrey Gardens afforded the only spot within reasonable distance of the heart of London obtainable for the purposes which the promoters of the company had in view. Situated within one mile and a quarter of each of the bridges, and easy of access, both from the east and west ends of London, visitors may be set down at the doors, by omnibuses from all parts of town.

"While erecting an edifice which will add another to the remarkable public buildings of the metropolis, the directors have not forgotten that their principal object being to supply the public with a summer entertainment, the gardens themselves require a large portion of care and attention. An engagement was accordingly contracted with Mr. Forest, the eminent landscape gardener, who, during the whole of the present year has devoted his time in beautifying and adorning the grounds. Comprising upwards of ten acres, and already planted with well-grown ornamental timber, they have been laid out in flowerbeds, undulating lawns, Italian terraces adorned with statuary, and pathways through alleys of choice shrubs and plants. Swiss chalets, grottoes, fountains, jets d'eau, cascades, and running streams, combine with the well known lake in forming one of the most beautiful gardens in Europe ever adapted for open air entertainments, not excepting the ancient Tivoli of Paris, and the celebrated Krolls Garden of Berlin.

"The directors have also the gratification of announcing that they have secured the services of Mr. Dawson, to continue, and, if possible, to improve the grand pictorial exhibitions for which the Surrey Gardens have been so long renowned. Each evening performance will be terminated by a magnificent display of fireworks, under the direction of Messrs. Sotheby, the well-known pyrotechnists."

This description realizes a sort of terrestrial paradise for pleasure-seekers, and only the extract which follows, shows that the directors have determined that not only shall the eye and the ear be catered for, but the palate is to be tickled into rapturous delight. And this is the way they do it:

"In the midst of the summer heat, and in a garden where visitors remain for hours consecutively, the question of refreshments is of obvious importance. With a view that this department, so generally neglected, shall be in accordance with the completeness of their other arrangements, the directors have entered into an agreement with Messrs. Petel and Chabot, of the Boulevard des Italiens, and the Rue Vivienne, Paris, under whose care it will be placed. The directors entertain confident hope that both in regard to the quality and prices of the refreshments, and the mode in which they are served, the public will be fully satisfied.

"Encouraged by the improving taste of the masses for more refined in place of stronger beverages, the directors dispatched an agent to Epernay, in Champagne, who has concluded an arrangement with the highly reputed firm of Creman, Joinoy, Boll and Co., proprietaries vigneronnes et marchands de vin, at Epernay, to supply Champagne from their own vineyards at 6d. a glass, or 5s. 6d. a bottle. The directors are, therefore, able to guarantee the patrons of the Royal Surrey Gardens a genuine Champagne of the best growth and the highest quality, at a moderate price."

Imagine this, real Champagne, special importation at twelve and a half cents per glass! If this is not doing things upon a grand scale, we should like to know what is. This splendid plan of public amusement was to be opened on Tuesday, July 16th, 1856, with a grand inaugural festival, to last five days, during which there were to be a morning performance (sacred) at 2 o'clock, and an evening performance (secular) at 8 o'clock of each day. The following is the programme of the first festival day:

"The inauguration ceremony will take place on Tuesday morning, July the 16th, at two o'clock, when will be performed Handel's oratorio, the "Messiah;" the principal parts sung by Madame Clara Novello, Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Dolby, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Sims Reeves.

"The ceremony of inauguration will commence with "God Save the Queen;" the solos by Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Reeves, conducted by Mons. Julien; to be followed by the "Old 100th Psalm," to be sung by 800 voices, and conducted by Dr. Wesley.

"The first evening performance will take place on the same day, at eight o'clock; the second, third, fourth, and fifth, will take place on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, with miscellaneous concerts, to commence at seven o'clock, every evening, in which the following artists will appear: Mme. Albani, and Mme. Clara Novello, Mme. Rudersdorf, Miss Dolby, Mme. Amadei, Frazzetta, Jenny Rols, Miss Kate Rance, Mlle. Beyer Zorr, Signora Romani, and Mme. Gassier; Mons. Cassier, Mons. Du Laurens, Signor Ferrari, Mr. Weiss, Herr Rokitsky, and Mr. Sims Reeves."

The gigantic scale upon which the musical department was conceived and carried out will be understood by the following extracts, which describe the orchestra and chorus:

"For this Grand Inauguration Festival the principal vocalists, instrumental soloists, chorus, and orchestra, will consist of one thousand performers, selected from the orchestras of Her Majesty's Theatre, the Royal Italian opera; the Philharmonic Societies of London, Liverpool, Dublin, and Glasgow; the Conservatoires of Paris and Brussels, including M. Julien's own concert orchestra of one hundred performers. The chorus, selected from the Royal Italian opera, Her Majesty's Theatre, the Sacred Harmonic Society, the London Sacred Harmonic Society, the New Philharmonic Society, the Lambeth Choral Society, the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Stimpson; the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Stimpson; the Manchester Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Waddington; the Edinburgh Softgoss Society, under the direction of Mr. Dickson; the Bradford Festival Society, under the direction of Mr. Jackson; the choir from the York Minster; the choir of the Worcester cathedral, under the direction of Mr. Done; the choir of the Gloucester cathedral, under the direction of Mr. Amott; the choir of the Hereford cathedral, under the direction of Mr. Townshend Smith; the choir of St. Paul's cathedral; the choir of Westminster Abbey, and the choir of the Chapel Royal.

The general chorus arrangements under the direction of Mr. Land."

The list of solo performers which we subjoin, contains the names of the first artists in the world:

"Solo performers: Signor Siveri, Signor De Bazzini, Signor Piatini and Signor Boitassini, Herr Reichenhart, Mons. Lavigne, Mr. Hughes, Signor Colasanti, Mons. Arban, Mons. Domagala, Mr. Jarrett, Mons. Simon, Herr Schreier, M. Laloup, M. Delafosse, Herr Stenbruggen, Mons. Collins, M. Duhamel, Herr Svendsen, Signor Facchini, Mr. Howell, Mr. G. Collins, Mr. Rowland, Herr Sonnenberg, Mr. De Prins, M. Gallio, Herr Vandenhevel, Mons. Demunck,

Herr Schmidt, Mons. Vieuxtemps, Mons. Montigny, Herr Vandergucht, Mr. T. Harper, M. Remusat, and Herr Koenig.

"Solo Pianoforte—Miss Arabella Goddard.

"Solo Pianoforte Harmonium—Mme. Dreyfus."

Then follows a list of the leaders:

"Leaders: Mr. Blagrove, leader of the Philharmonic Societies, London, and Musical Festival; Mr. Cooper, leader of the Philharmonic Society, London; Mr. Willy, leader of the New Philharmonic Society, London; Mr. Seymour, leader of the Gentlemen's Concerts, and Theatre Royal, Manchester; Mr. Levey, leader of the Philharmonic Society, and Theatre Royal, Dublin; Mr. Stewart, late of the Royal opera house, Edinburgh; Mr. Mackenzie, leader of the Theatre Royal, and Grand Concerts, Edinburgh; Mons. Cuvillon, Violon d'attaque de la Societe des Concerts, du Conservatoire, Paris; Herr Schallen, late Director of the Music of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Mons. Bauner, Violon d'attaque du Theatre Royal Brussels; Mons. Nadaud, leader and conductor of the Ballet of Her Majesty's Theatre, London; Mons. Tolbecque, leader of the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, London."

The following eminent conductors assist M. Julien during the Festival week: Conductors: Mr. Halle, Mr. Benedict, Dr. Wesley, Dr. Wyde, Mr. Amott (organist of the Cathedral, and conductor of the Festival, Worcester), Mr. Loe (organist of the Cathedral, and conductor of the Festival, Worcester), Mr. T. Smith (organist of the Cathedral, and conductor of the triennial Music Festival, Hereford), Mr. Mellon (leader and conductor of the ballet, Italian opera, London), and Mons. Julien.

In addition to the great oratorio works by Handel, Haydn, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, the following list will give some idea of the material of which the Festival concerts will be composed:

The programme for each performance will be shortly published, and will include, during the Inauguration Festival, Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, No. 5; Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor, No. 3, known as the Scotch Symphony; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; Haydn's Symphony in C Major; Mozart's Symphony in E flat; selections from Weber's opera, Oberon, Freischutz, Preciosa, and Euryanthe; Beethoven's Rite of Athens; Mehl's Joseph, Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream; Rossini's Stabat Mater; Wagner's Tannhauser; and Felixien David's Desert.

The following overture will be performed: Weber's Jubilee and Euryanthe, Beethoven's Egmont and Leonora, Auber's Fra Diavolo and Masaniello, Mehl's Jeune Henri, Meyerbeer's Struensee, and Rossini's William Tell.

Also a new composition, written expressly for the Inauguration Festival, by M. Julien, entitled La Paix, Grande Marche Symphonique pour double orchestre et double chœur, avec accompagnement de harpes.

The highest price of admission charged, without reserved seats, is about eighty cents! while the regular charge after the Festival week will be twenty-five cents! The Surrey Gardens are only a little more than a mile from all the bridges, and can be reached by countless omnibus lines, so that it can be reached without difficulty by residents in any part of London. No one can doubt the salutary influence that this establishment will exercise upon the masses of London. The most exquisite pleasure grounds are opened for the enjoyment of all; the most glorious music is presented in its most fascinating form, and every association is replete with intellectual refinement, calculated to raise the mind above and alliterate the troubled realities of every day life. It is an institution for the people; would we could see such a one established here.

THE DRAMA.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The advertised appearance of Mr. Burton and his company on Monday, July 28th, was unavoidably postponed in consequence of an accident which happened to that gentleman at his residence in Glen Cove. Fortunately the accident was only sufficiently serious to confine him to his villa during the hottest week we have endured this year, and he will positively appear on Monday next, August 4th. With the admirable resources at the command of manager Niblo, disappointments are easily remedied, or rather are never felt. The public were perfectly satisfied with the fine attraction presented in the performances of the inimitable Ravel family, the fresh and graceful b. llets of Middle Robert and her company, and the still astonishing feats of the most perfect rope dancer of the present age, young Hengler. The rare combination of these several artists will be presented on alternate nights with Mr. Burton's performances. The Garden has been much more numerous attended than could have been expected during the past intensely heated term.

WALLACE'S THEATRE—SUMMER GARDEN.—The extraordinary success which has attended this establishment since the advent of Miss Agnes Robertson and Mr. Dion Bourcault and the management of Mr. Stuart, has induced the latter gentleman to apply for an extension of the lease. This has been obtained, and the theatre will remain open a few weeks longer under the same management and with the same most excellent attraction. During this week ending August 2nd, the following pieces have been performed: on Monday evening, "The Life of an Actress;" on Tuesday evening, for the benefit of Miss Agnes Robertson, (a bumper, of course), "Bob Nettel;" and "The Invisible Prince;" on Wednesday evening, "The Phantom;" and "The Invisible Prince;" on Thursday evening, "The Phantom and the Camelion;" in which Miss Agnes Robertson personates four characters. The "Camelion" is a neatly constructed piece; the dialogue is lively and piquant, and Miss Robertson exhibited the remarkable versatility of her talent in the life-like personation of the "sailor boy," the Irish ballad-singer, and the French danseuse. She was received with great enthusiasm. The house is filled nightly with fashionable and delighted audiences. Miss Agnes Robertson and Mr. Bourcault appear every night.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The wittiest and most amusing extravaganza of the present day, John Brougham's immortal "Po-ca-hon-tas," has been produced at this theatre with a success as great and as uproarious as it deserves. Some capital local hits have been introduced, which are keenly relished by the audience. The piece is strongly cast and is played with great spirit and unction. The "Pirates of the Mississippi," with "Po-ca-hon-tas," the extravaganza par excellence, fill the Bowery theatre nightly, despite the intense heat of the weather. Two most interesting dancers, the Milles. Honrade, have appeared at this establishment, and have gained at a single stroke the good-will and approbation of the audience. They are both beautiful, exceedingly—the one a Juno, the other Venus herself, and their personal charms add a perfect fascination to their really elegant dancing. We should think that it will be to the interest of Mr. John Brougham to effect a permanent engagement with these beautiful young ladies, for they will most surely prove a most powerful attraction.

BROADWAY VARIETIES.—The little comedians, under the charge of Messrs. Wood & Marsh, are on a pleasure tour, to recruit their health and spirits after their close application of the last few months. They will play a little by the way at Buffalo, Montreal and Quebec, and return to their pleasant and profitable location in Broadway early in September, where they will be welcomed by crowded audiences as usual.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ITEMS.

PHILADELPHIA.—The talented and excellent artist Miss Emma Stanley is now fulfilling an engagement at the Walnut street theatre. She is making a great sensation. **CINCINNATI.**—The People's theatre will be finished by the middle of August. Mr. Tilton will be the stage manager. In the baggage-room of the Little Miami Railroad Company are two large trunks, marked "Theatrical Wardrobe." They are unclaimed, and will be sold to pay charges in the latter part of August, if not redeemed. What unlucky "star" has left his rays behind him, we wonder? The report of the death of George F. Brown here on the 17th inst. proves to be incorrect, as that gentleman, we learn, is still alive and doing well. The statement originated in the death of Mr. Brown the scene painter. Kovic Thum had an engagement here, and lecture have recently constituted the sources of amusement here. It is rumored that Miss Kate Reingolds, the favorite actress now at the Bowery, intends to transfer her talents to the Queen City of the West, next month. **BALTIMORE.**—The papers have been making merry over "a drama in five acts," written and published by a lawyer named Coleman Elliott. It is called "The Professor of Insanity, or a New Way to Make a Fortune." It is said to be a rich affair. The Museum here is for sale. It is too small to be profitable. The Holiday street theatre closed week before last, three hundred performances having been given during "the season." H. A. Perry is now "starring" there. **CHICAGO.**—Miss Maggie Mitchell is "starring" here. Among other curiosities in the city is a "grizzly bear, from Australia, weighing two thousand pounds," that is declared to have "been taught to perform every kind of pantomimic tricks, and is in fact a whole Ravel family in himself." **ST. PAUL, Minnesota.**—Mr. Coulack and his pupil, Miss Irving, are performing. Mme. De La Grange and Mr. Gottschalk give their last concert at American Hall on the same evening. **KNOX, IOWA.**—Mr. Thomas Duff is to be the manager here for the ensuing season. **UTICA.**—The theatre here will be opened shortly under the management of Messrs. Forest and Classin of the Rochester and Syracuse theatres. **OSWEGO, New York.**—Miss Susan Denin has been playing an engagement with Henderson, and delighting our citizens. **PORTLAND, Me.**—A band of Chinese artists and jugglers performed at City Hall last week. Smith's panorama of Europe and Sebastopol is at Lancaster Hall. **NEW HAVEN.**—Signor Ventaldi, (contralto), assisted by Signor Ceresa, (tenor), Gasparoni, (basso), and Nuno, (piano), propose giving a series of concerts in costume. **KINGSTON, C. W.**—Mr. G. W. Johnson has opened the Theatre Royal with a company numbering some fifteen ladies and gentlemen, among whom are Miss Hodson, Miss Boyce, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Buxton, Mrs. Charles B. Hill, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Copeland, and Mr. Wilson, late of the 54th regiment. **ST. JOHN, N. B.**—Lanegan, Sandford & Fluke's company were performing here last week. **QUEBEC.**—A subscription has been taken up for the purpose of liberating Mr. H. Farren from the debtor's prison, he having been incarcerated for obligations contracted during his brief management of the theatre. Miss Agnes Heron gave a concert at St. Patrick's Institute on Friday. **MONTREAL.**—Manager Wallace commenced a star engagement at Mr. Buckland's theatre Monday. The Pyne and Harrison troupe are to play here again prior to their return to New York. **TORONTO.**—Miss Hodson (formerly of Wallace's) made quite a hit as King Charmring during the theatrical season here. Col. Wood's Museum of Wonders has opened here. Among other curiosities is the American giantess, "who is nearly eight feet high, weighs 380 pounds, and requires 184 yards of dry goods for a complete dress. **BUFFALO.**—A grand vocal and instrumental concert is to be given at the Eagle street theatre, by Dodworth's band, the vocal societies of Liederkreis and Teutonia Männerchor, of New York, and the Liederkreis of Oswego and the city. **CLYDELAND.**—The Martinetti family are still at the theatre, amusing the audience with their spirited pantomimes, and wonderful tight rope and gymnastic feats. Mr. Ellsler, one of the managers of the theatre, will visit New York in a few days, for the purpose of securing a company. **NEWARK.**—Buckley's serenaders gave a series of their entertainments at the Newark

theatre this week. **ST. LOUIS.**—Amusements are at a complete stand still here; if we except the dramatic readings lately given by Mrs. Macready, there has been nothing stirring for a long time. However, Mr. De Bar has given Mr. Bates \$46,000 for the St. Louis theatre, and intends to open it with a good company next Monday. **LOUISVILLE.**—Mr. J. G. Hanley, who was in New York last week, is to be stage manager for Mr. Bates next season. **NEW LONDON.**—Levick, Bridgeman and Taylor's theatrical experiment here has exploded, and the company have returned to New York. B. A. Baker, the promoter of the "Old Olympic," has arrived in this city from California. He is the agent of Edwin Booth, who will be the first star of the season at the Broadway theatre. The Howard Athenaeum and the Boston Museum, the only theatres open in Boston, are occupied by negro minstrels. Herr Driesbach's Circus company is at Madison, Wisconsin. **MILWAUKEE.**—Mme. Abramowicz gave a concert here on Thursday. **NEWPORT.**—Donetti's dogs and monkeys have lately been edifying the frequenters of this fashionable watering place.

ITEMS OF ALL KINDS.

GABRIEL RAVEL will sail for Europe this week. His troupe remain in this city, under the guidance of Mons. Marinetti. Brignoli is at the Atlantic Hotel, New York. Mrs. Barrow gives readings from "Kilawatha" and other poems, at Lynn and Lowell. The City Museum is now the only place open in Philadelphia for dramatic performance. The company is small, but good. Mr. Collins, the Irish comedian, has made arrangements to visit England, Scotland and Ireland in the fall. Previous to which he will fill engagements at St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Toronto, Charleston, Mobile and New Orleans. Mr. Corby accompanies Miss Emma Stanley in her professional tour through the United States. Mr. Eddy has been engaged by Mr. Brougham to "lead the business" at the Bowery theatre next season. Among the theatrical personages now "in town," are Mr. M. W. Leffingwell, (an exceedingly versatile and useful actor), Mr. W. C. Forbes, manager of the Providence theatre, Messrs. Crisp, De Bar, Duffield, W. Ward, J. G. Hanley, Cony and son, J. V. Bowes, (scenic artist), young Cline, John Bates, (of Cincinnati), Samuel Brown, (of St. Louis), J. A. J. Neale, J. Merrick, (of Boston), Mr. Warren (of Boston), Miss Albertine and Mrs. J. C. Frost are also here. Madame La Grange and Gottschalk give a concert in Buffalo tomorrow evening. They are expected shortly in Newport, the lady having secured rooms at the Ocean House, where her father and daughter are at present. Mr. Ellsler, the manager of the Cleveland (Ohio) theatre, will be here this week, after a company. He writes that he will spare no expense in getting a good one. Mr. Bernard, brother of Bayle Bernard, the dramatist, is building a theatre in St. Paul, Minnesota. It will be opened next October. All hopes of the new opera-house at Philadelphia being opened this year are at an end, so say the Quaker city gossips. Miss S. and Kate Partington have left the Bowery theatre. They are engaged for Nashville, by Mr. Davis, the successor of John Green. James W. Wallack, junior, arrived in this city, from England, in the Persia. He goes to Australia, according to announcement.

DEATH OF ROBERT HELLER.—The announcement of the death, by sun stroke, of this young artist, filled us with profound regret. We hoped for some time that there might be some error in the telegraphic report from Washington City, but after many days, finding no contradiction of the statement, we unwillingly conclude it to be true. The real name of this most talented pianist and composer was William Palmer. He was the son of a well known musical professor in Canterbury, England. His musical ability was of the highest order; but he had little faith in the pecuniary results to be obtained by the exercise of his profession, and having, as a pastime, perfected himself to a great degree in the "wizard's art of natural magic," he forsook the life of art, assumed the name of Heller, and presented himself to the New York public as a magician. His speculation was unfortunate; he became involved; sought success in other cities and failed; and finally resumed his own profession, and achieved in Washington the most brilliant position and connection. We heard this and rejoiced; we hoped that his vagrant wandering had come to an end, and that his future would redound to the honor of himself and of that art of which he was, or should have been, so bright an ornament. But the hope was scarcely formed or uttered when the news of his death reached us. We have many causes for regret, and among them not the least is the loss to the world of so beautiful a talent. Mendelssohn had never, in this country, so perfect an interpreter as Heller. His mechanism was admirable, his sentiment profound, and his taste most exquisite. Lavishly endowed with the gift of genius, he was yet most human, and while we mourn him, for we loved him, we can only say, Poor Heller! "Requiescat in pace!"

Mr. or Miss So-and-so is "SECURED."—Our readers must not imagine that the term "secured" alludes to any capture made by our gallant police force; it simply means that some actor or actress of the first or fifteenth grade has been engaged at something or other per week by Managers Smith or Jones, to do the leading or supernumerary business. To use the word engaged would perhaps be more correct, but it is too matter-of-fact, it sounds too unimportant; for if we say "engaged," it follows as a matter of course that the party were previously disengaged, and the mere supposition of such a thing would ruin his reputation; for an artist disengaged is of no consequence whatever. Now by using the delicate little figure contained in the following—"Manager Jones has secured the eminent Polonious Smythe"—we cause our readers to picture to themselves Polonious Smythe, refusing to be engaged, rushing down Broadway hotly pursued by ten metropolitan and fifteen provincial managers who will have him—Smythe "puts out," his long hair and his short coat-tails stream in the wind—the crowd gives way before him—the rival managers puff and blow—now one takes the lead and now the other—the race is one of life and death and is manfully contested, until Manager Jones by a Herculean effort passes all competitors, the distance between the pursued and the pursuer is lessened—Jones seizes the long hair with one hand and the streaming coat-tail with the other—and Polonious Smythe is "secured!" By this simple substitution of terms the reader is regaled by a vivid fancy sketch, and the reputation and cash value of the services of an actor or actress are covertly conveyed.

ALL ABOUT GIRLS' NAMES.

If you are a very precise man and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl who is named Ann, for we have the authority of *Lancelot Murray*, and others, that "An is an indefinite article."—Exchange.

If you would like to have a wife who is "one of a thousand," you should marry an Emily or Emma—for any printer can tell you that "Em's" are always common by thousands.

If you do not wish to have a bustling fly-about wife, you should not marry one named Jenny—for every cotton spinner knows that Jennies are always turning.

If you have a wife named Cordelia, you should never drop any of your old acquaintances, for he who has the deal never cuts.

If you marry one named Margaret, you may confidently expect that she will end her days on the gallows, for all the world knows that "days" were made for hanging.

The most incessant writer in the world is he who is always bound to Adeline.

You may adore any wife, but you will be surpassed in love when your wife is a Dora.

Unless you would have the Evil One for a father-in-law, you should not marry a lady named Elizabeth, for the devil is the father of Lies. (Lies.)

If you wish to succeed in life as a porter, you should marry a Caroline, and treat her very kindly; for so long as you continue to do this, you will be good to Mary.

Men of high moral principles, and who would not gamble for the world, still have not refused to take a Bet.

INDIAN ANECDOTE.

CHARLEVOIX relates that an Indian of the Ottawami or Fox tribe was tortured by the Illinois. After loading him with all the insults they could think of, he looked around and saw among their number a Frenchman from Canada, whom he knew. He called out to him to "assist the Illinois in tormenting him."

"And why should I assist them?" cried the Frenchman.

"That I may have the comfort of dying by the hands of a man," said the prisoner; "my greatest grief is that I never killed a man."

Here an Illinois interrupted him, and said that he had killed such and such persons—naming several of the Illinois tribe.

"Ha, ha, ha!—the Illinois, indeed!" said the captive, with an air of contemptuous defiance—"the Illinois! I have killed enough of them, truly—but I never have killed a man!"

His enraged foes soon paid him for this speech, as he expected and hoped, with a death blow.

A YANKEE PASS.

An old official Dutchman in the valley of the Mohawk, one day stopped a Yankee pedlar journeying slowly through the valley on the Sabbath, and informed him he must "put up" for the day; or "if it vash unnecessary dat he should travel, he must pay de fine for de pass."

It was necessary, it seems; for he told the Yankee to write the pass, and he would sign it—"that he could do, though he didn't much write nor read writin'."

The pass was written and signed with the Dutchman's hieroglyphics, and the pedlar went forth "into the bowels of the land, without impediment."

Some six months afterward, a brother Dutchman, who kept a store further down the Mohawk, in settling with the pious official, brought in, among other accounts, an order for twenty-five dollars' worth of goods.

"How ish dat?" said the Sunday officer—"I never give no order—let me see him."

The order was produced; he put on his spectacles and examined it. "Yas, dat ish mine name, sartain-yaas; but—it ish dat d—d Yankee pass!"

A letter from Green Island, Straits of Belle Isle, July 7, speaks of a terrible storm which occurred there July 1, during which, at that place, twenty-nine vessels went ashore, and three vessels of Dog Island were lost, with all on board. Only two of the vessels that went ashore are named—the brig *Samuel Cook* and the schooner *Sarah Louisa*. 354 men were living in tents on Green Island. Only one vessel there had ridden out the gale in safety.

THE STATUE OF "AMERICA," BY HIRAM POWERS, AT FLORENCE.

THE Congress of the United States authorized the President, last year, to make arrangements with Powers, the sculptor, for the execution of a statue, the cost not to exceed twenty-five thousand dollars. We give to our readers the sketch of the same, as proposed by Mr. Powers, but not yet decided upon. It is probable that the statue will be made of colossal proportions, as one of the ordinary size would be too small for the destination intended—the Capitol at Washington—but the idea of the same is beautiful and appropriate. The artist represents his country in the form of a blooming maid, whose liberty and security is to be judged from the firmly carved expressions of the face and the position of the body. The left foot protruding from the elegantly arranged drapery rests on broken fetters, while the raised left hand indicates the oath of obedience to the Republic. The latter is alluded to by the fasces on which the right hand is resting. The only ornament of the maid is a diadem on which thirteen stars are placed, representatives of the thirteen original States. The fame which the artist gained at the London Exhibition by his "Greek Slave," is fresh in the memory of all, and makes every one look forward to this work as a fit specimen of his genial art. The model is now on exhibition at the atelier of the artist, and is worth a visit from all travellers passing through Florence.

THE SUICIDE MANIA—LOVE AND POVERTY.—A few years back, the French government found it necessary to station sentries on the bridges over the Seine to prevent a constant succession of suicides by drowning, and in like manner the English have caused an iron cage to be placed upon the summit of the monument on Fish Hill, London, to put a termination to a singular mania for self-destruction, of which that column was the theatre. In like manner, we find ourselves called upon to devise some means of suppressing a suicidal mania which has seized upon our people, who, however, have generally resorted to chemical means to insure self-decease. At the present moment we can hardly open a newspaper without meeting a record of this startling spread of crime, which is not confined to our city, but pervades every section of country. Within the lapse of a few days, the little city of Troy was the scene of two self-murders, almost identical in character, originating from similar motives, and differing in the means taken for the consummation of the deed. Both victims were young girls, who slew themselves from excess of love, which, being unreturned by their former admirers, urged them to the acme of frenzied despair. And this misfortune appears to be the ruling cause for the commission of suicides by females. In the cases of the males, a majority of whom are inhabitants of cities, they appear to have been impelled to self-murder from the pressure of pecuniary embarrassment, or a firm conviction that the battle of life, when aggravated by the pains of ceaseless and ill-requited labor, was too desperate for a final triumph, and thus exchanged the care and certainty of incessant toil for the uncertainties of an eventful future. A large majority of our suicides are foreigners, who, uncheered by the kind caresses of friends or relatives, experience more keenly the bitter pangs of poverty and of destitution.—*Mercury.*

CLERICAL FANATICISM IN SPAIN.—An Andalusian canon has published in all the Madrid newspapers an article, from which the following is literally translated: Madrid, this corrupted city, which batters on the blood of the people whom she invites with words of love, but whom she despises and slays when they can no longer give her anything—Madrid, whose luxury is an insult to poverty, whose iniquity corrupts good manners, whose treacherous promises seduce the people, and who wishes to crush everything from the pinnacle of her pride—Madrid, the focus of envy, that devours everything, and in whose eyes no celebrity exists save that which has received the baptism of her fecal waters—laugh and rejoice in thy frenzy; laugh and rejoice, oh, unhappy city; the day of thy chastisement is near; thou wilt fall like the tower riven by the thunderbolt; thou wilt burn like the wood that is cast into the fire; thou wilt live in the darkness of a perpetual obscurity, and in an eternal night of torments. Thou hast been the cradle of evil; thou wilt be the sepulchre of its corpse. The small number of men that have raised the cry of alarm will not be able to save thee, because thou hast despised them—thou hast cursed them—thy most loyal children, of Spaniards the most learned, of Catholics the most fervent. If thou art not the protectress of heresies, why dost thou suffer them? If thou art a friend to the Catholics, why art thou not willing to listen to their counsels? Madrid! Madrid! repent and weep; it may be, then, that thou shalt find pity in the presence of the Lord. This is by no means the boldest specimen of the style indulged in by the religious journals of Madrid.

CHRISTIAN RELIGION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—A disgraceful proceeding took place in this city on the 25th of July, at the John street M. E. church. William Thompson, the constable of the Second Ward, attended by some desperate Water street loafers and bullies, went to the church for the purpose of taking possession. Finding the doors locked, some lady members being inside, a ladder was procured, and they entered by an upper window. It was rumored that Thompson was to receive a large sum if he retained possession until after the Sabbath. Captain Leonard and a posse of police soon arrived, and remained outside, ready to interfere if a breach of the peace occurred. Thompson had occasion to come out of the church, and was not permitted to re-enter it, by the crowd, and he went off, as it was supposed, for reinforcements. In the evening he returned with a large gang of men armed with clubs, to try and force an entrance. As the gang rushed in, one of them struck a man stationed at the door, whereupon the police interfered, when the rowdies struck at the officers, and a general fight ensued. The officers clubbed them to their hearts' content, and they soon scattered. The result is that the down-towners have possession, and will no doubt keep it until the 27th of August, when the election for trustees will be held.

A BRAVE BOY.—The St. Johnsbury (Vt.) *Caledonian* tells the following rather tough story: "Not long since a youth of sixteen years was out in the town of Victory gathering gum. While thus engaged, his dog started up a bear and immediately attacked him. The dog being of small size, the owner undertook to call him off, and in doing so attracted the attention of the bear. The lad was armed with only a gumming pole, a stick eight or ten feet in length, with a knife blade in one end. The bear made at him with mouth wide open, when the lad thrust the knife end down the bear's throat, killing him almost instantly."

CAUTION TO BOYS.—On Friday afternoon, July 25th, twenty-six boys, varying in age from 9 to 18 years, were taken into custody by the Eleventh ward police, on a charge of exposing their persons. The accused, in violation of a corporation ordinance, went into the dock at the foot of Houston street and commenced bathing and cutting up all sorts of shins in full view of the passengers on board of the Williamsburg ferry boats. The prisoners were all committed to prison for examination by Justice Wood.

REV. H. W. BEECHER SOLD.—A correspondent of the N. Y. News says that the slave girl, whose freedom was purchased by Mr. Beecher's congregation, absconded lately, taking with her certain articles not her property. It was a trick, it is said, concocted by the master and the girl to raise \$1,200. She returned to him, was quite happy, and getting along as well as could be expected.

FRENCH MANUFACTURES.—Professor Mapes says that nine tenths of the olive oil in this country is manufactured in France from American lard oil. It is purified by sal soda, and is about equal to olive oil for the table or for other purposes. The French seem to be a good length ahead of us in all that relates to delicacies for the table. We have plenty of sardines on our coasts, but it requires French hands to put them in boxes.

VESSELS AT QUARANTINE.—There are about sixty-five vessels undergoing quarantine at this city at the present time. Most of them are from sickly ports, although many of them have no sickness on board.

THE BROOKS AND BURLINGAME AFFAIR IN NEW YORK.—It is stated that on Wednesday, July 23, when Mr. Burlingame and his friend and second, General James, of Wisconsin, came to the city, they stopped at the Everett House. While here they visited a well known shooting gallery in Broadway, and Mr. Burlingame tried his skill at rifle practice, and it is reported succeeded in "ringing the bell" five times in nine shots, the four that missed the exact centre, coming very near it.

"THE AMERICAN PULPIT."—In a notice of this work, the *Congregationalist* says: "We are not able to see why—if Dr. Dewey is not too great a heretic for the author's conscience—Mr. Chapin might not have found admission, whose soul is large enough to contain Dr. Dewey, with all his actual ancestry and probable posterity, with a residuum of unoccupied space, and whose oratory is immensely loftier, more genuine, and more effective."

NOT UP TO SNUFF.—A Brooklynite visited New York, a few days since, got drunk and was fined \$10. Not having the needful, he requested a policeman to accompany him to Brooklyn to obtain the means of liquidating the fine. Arriving in Brooklyn he refused: pay the fine and refused to return with the officer, and he had no power to compel him, being in another county.

TROUBLE WITH A HACKMAN.—Gen. Paez, ex-President of Venezuela, S. A., now a resident of New York, appeared at the Mayor's office last week, and complained of a hackman for overcharging and assaulting him. The hackman was arrested by order of the Mayor and his license revoked.

THE END OF THE EUDORA TRAGEDY.—The negro Wilson, who was convicted of the murder of Captain Palmer, of the schooner Eudora Imogene, and of scuttling the vessel, was executed, July 25th, in the yard of the prison at White Plains, Westchester County. The hardihood he evinced on the trial, and has maintained ever since, left him before he reached the scaffold, and it was necessary to carry him. So completely prostrated was he with fear, that he sank down to all appearances an almost inanimate lump of flesh. Several times the Deputy Sheriff from New York, who assisted at the execution, endeavored to raise him, but failed to do so. A chair was finally brought, and the prisoner was placed in it, but no effort could keep him upright. He collapsed and fell forward, and seemed on the point of expiring. Just before being turned off, a gentleman on the gallows whispered in his ear, and then turning to the people, said, "He confesses—he says he did it." The Ex-Sheriff, Mr. Lockwood, went on the scaffold and asked him if he intended to confess. He replied, "They misunderstand me—I am innocent." Mr. Lockwood then said to him, "George, you have only a minute to live. Do not go out of the world with a lie in your mouth. Are you guilty or innocent?" Wilson faltered out, "Innocent, let me die." A drink was then given him, and the noose adjusted, when he was desired to stand up, and he did so firmly. The rope was then cut and he was launched into eternity. He died easily. The same axe was used on the occasion that he committed the murder with.

A TENDER MOTHER.—The editorial correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, "G. W. K.," writing from New Braunfels, Texas, relates the following anecdote of a too indulgent mother, living near San Antonio: "The most indulgent mother I have heard of lately lives some two and a half hours drive from San Antonio, on the left. It was a long time before she would admit that her eldest and best beloved boy—a refractory and turbulent little fellow—richly merited a flagellation: and when she finally gave in that he was entitled to a 'course of sprouts,' she contended that he should be put under the influence of chloroform before the saplings were applied. Solomon, with all his wisdom, was behind the present fast age in administering to juvenile delinquents."

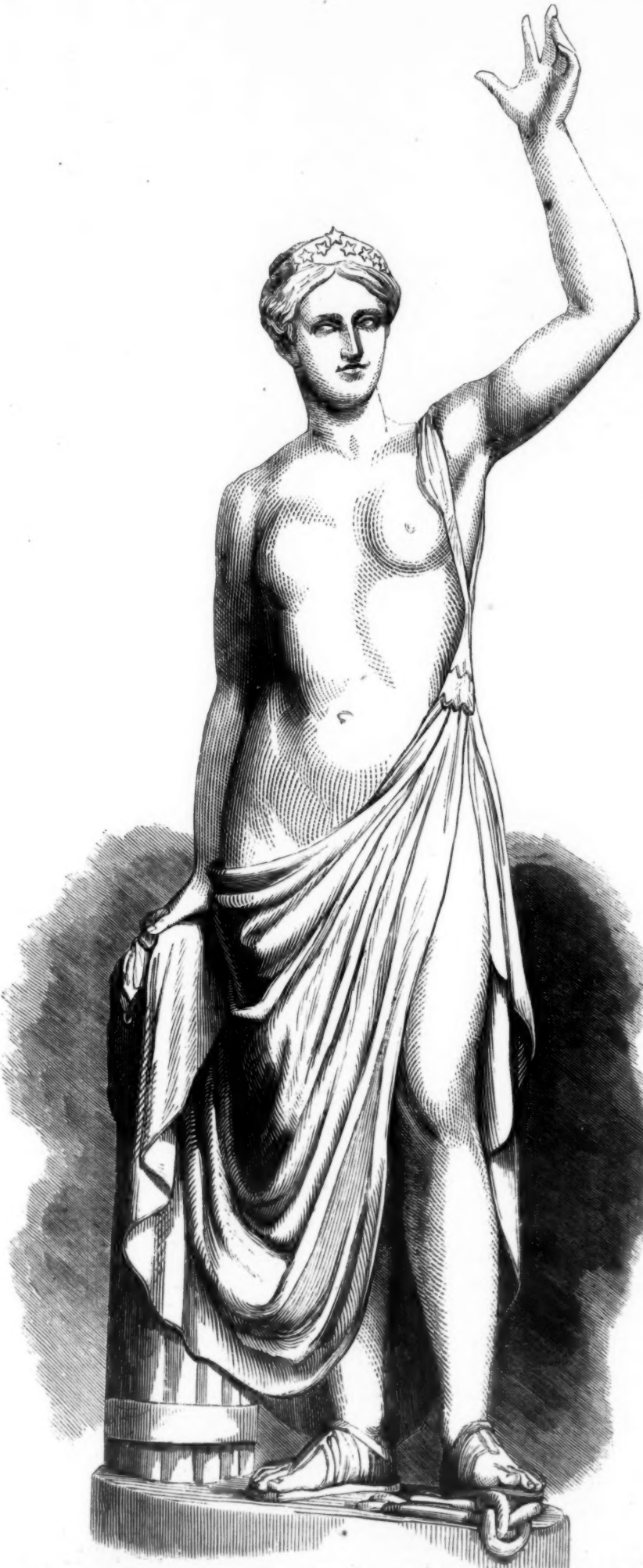
THE MORMONS.—Theo. Olshausen, of St. Louis, Mo., has published in German a history of the Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, in North America; from which it appears that America contains 68,700 of that sect, of whom 38,000 are in Utah; 5,000 in New York; 4,000 in California; 5,000 in Nova Scotia and Canada, and 2,000 in South America and the islands. Europe contains 39,000, of whom 32,900 are in Great Britain and Ireland; 5,000 in Scandinavia; 1,060 in Germany and Switzerland; 600 in France, and 500 in the rest of Europe. In Asia there are said to be 1,000; in Australia and Polynesia 2,400; in Africa 100; on travel, 1,300; there are besides 8,500 schismatics, including Strangites, Rigdonites, and Wightites. The numbers amount in the aggregate to 116,500, and it is supposed that the whole sect cannot exceed 126,000.

THE FAVORITE NAME.—Mary surpasses all other names in universality: it belongs not only to women throughout all Christendom, but even to men, who bear it as a second name. Thus, for instance, the Queen of Spain's name is Mary, her husband's name is Mary, her mother's name is Mary, and even her sister's name is Mary; her uncle and all her cousin's children are Marys, in fact, all the royal family of Spain, males and females, are Marys, with scarcely an exception. This arises from the devotion of the Bourbon race to the Virgin, a devotion which has gone to such an excess of fanaticism as even to confound the sex of the name by applying it to males and females indiscriminately.

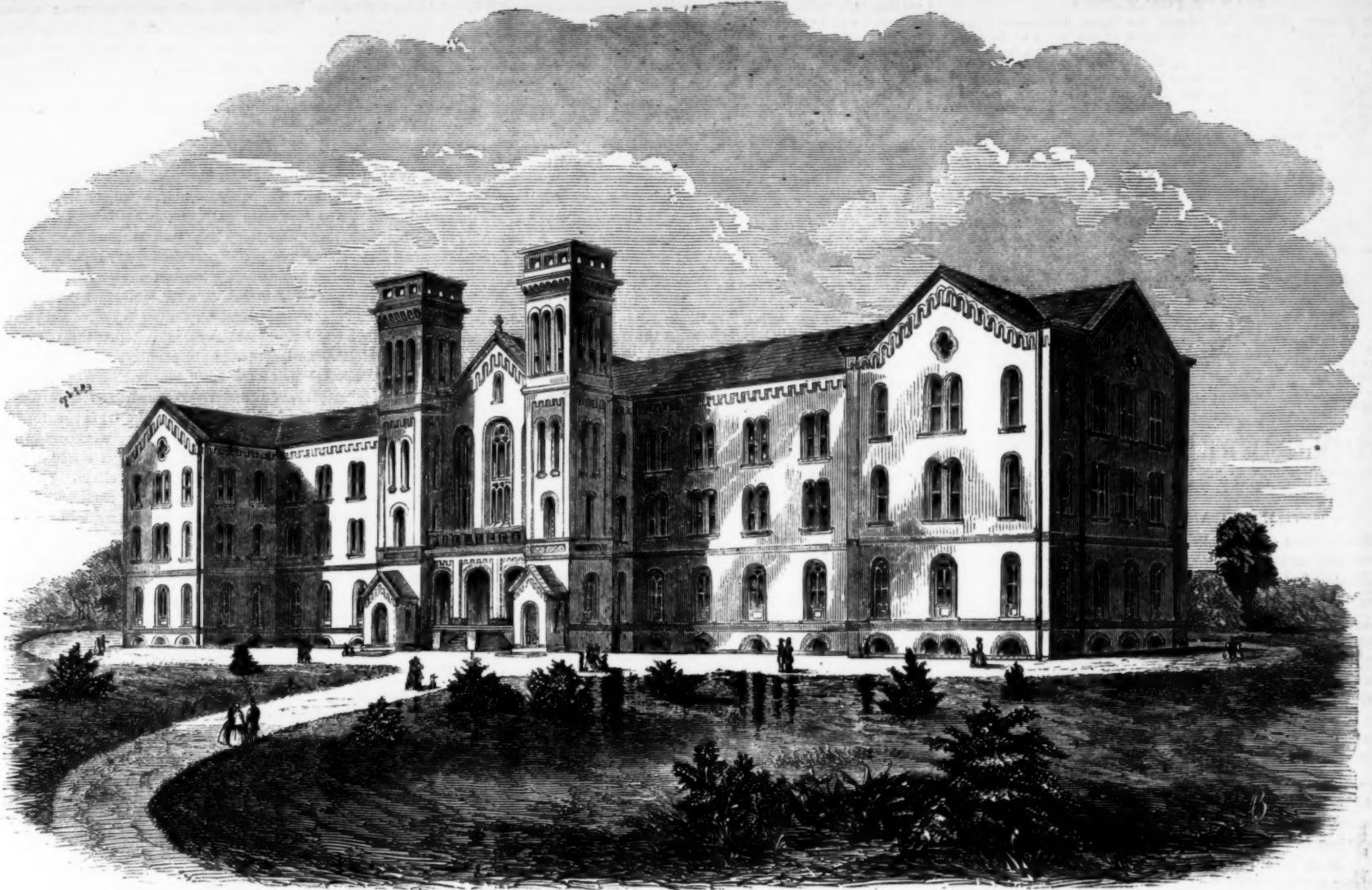
HEALTH OF NEW YORK.—The Commissioners of Health have issued a card to prevent the creation of unnecessary alarm in the public mind as to the present health of the city. In this statement it is shown that the mortality of the last week, compared with the number of deaths for the corresponding week of 1865, is less by sixty-six deaths. It is authoritatively stated that no diseases exist at present in the city in an epidemic form. The Commissioners meet every day, and assure the public that every timely precaution shall be taken on their part to ensure the preservation of the public health.

AN UN-SAFE DORMITORY.—Friday forenoon, July 26, says the Boston *Traveller*, a salesman employed on Milk street wishing to secure cool quarters, went into a large safe connected with the building and there fell asleep, the door being subsequently closed. Inquiries were instituted for the missing salesman, who was not to be found, but when the bookkeeper was closing up for the night he found him in the safe in a state of exhaustion, but by the appliance of proper restoratives he was subsequently resuscitated.

MORE MEN FROM THE CRIMEA.—Another company of English laborers came out in the Orient, and have applied for employment at the office of the American Industrial Association, No. 67 Greenwich street. They are a part of the "Army-work Corps," the whole numbering at the time of their discharge 3,800 men.



STATUE OF AMERICA, BY HIRAM POWERS, FLORENCE, INTENDED FOR THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.



ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, FIFTH AVENUE, BETWEEN 54TH AND 55TH STREETS, NEW YORK.

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, FIFTH AVENUE, BETWEEN FIFTY-FOURTH AND FIFTY-FIFTH STREETS, NEW YORK.

This magnificent pile of buildings, erected for the most benevolent purposes, under the immediate auspices of the members of the Protestant Episcopal church, is beautifully situated in Fifth avenue, between Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth streets, and will, when surrounded by shrubbery and trees, be one of the handsomest public institutions in our whole city. The building will accommodate in the most satisfactory manner between two and three hundred patients. Although under the control of the Protestant Episcopal church its beneficent objects are not to be confined to any creed, but are to be dispensed with liberal hand upon suffering humanity. We understand that the directors of the institution will at the proper time make an appeal to the public for funds to pay off a considerable debt contracted for the construction of the building, and also to obtain the necessary funds for charitable endowments.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER II. OF RUSSIA RIDING IN THE SUBURBS OF MOSCOW.

As the time approaches for the coronation of the Emperor Alexander, Moscow seems to rise in the estimation not only of its own citizens, but of the people of the whole empire. The foundations of this city were laid as early as 1147. After two or three centuries of prosperity and disaster, it finally became the capital of Muscovy, and afterwards of the whole Russian Empire, until 1703, when St. Petersburg was

founded and became the Imperial residence. It is in this city that the Emperors of Russia are crowned, and towards it are now concentrating vast numbers of troops and strangers from all parts of the world, to witness the ceremony. On a recent visit of Alexander to Moscow, the citizens, and more particularly the residents in the suburbs, vied with each other in paying him respect, and crowded the roads when he passed, surrounding his simple turn-out, and asking blessing of their great temporal father.

OCCUPATIONS OF FRENCH WOMEN.—Did you ever see a lady play on the fiddle, reader? There is certainly no impropriety in the employment. St. Cecilia doubtless had a favorite Stradivarius; yet there does seem to be something indefinable, bizarre, fantastic, out of place, in fair hands taking up the fiddle and the bow. But if a feminine violinist be a novelty, what would you say to a lady carpenter? Here are some hundreds of them, hammering, sawing, chopping away, with tremendous vigor and celerity. These eyes have seen the grandam of eighty polishing off a plank with a plane to a nicety. They have seen a trim little damsel of seventeen, with colored handkerchief tied coquettishly round her head, busily fixing beams and girders, while a great-bearded, bloused man sat majestically by, smoking his pipe, or if he condescended to interfere in business matters at all, unpacking doll's houses, or dabbling with a glue-pot. What labor will not French women undertake? They follow the plough; they keep books; they open box doors; they take tickets at railways; they drag your luggage to the Custom-house; they cut you your chops and bistocks at the butcher's; they dance

on the tight rope and on stilts; they buy old clothes; they keep shooting galleries; they enter lions' dens; they measure you for boots; they shave you.

CATASTROPHE IN A CHURCH.—Last week a terrible accident occurred in the Second Congregational church, on the corner of Court and President streets, Brooklyn, caused by the giving way of a scaffolding. The building is in process of completion, and plasterers were engaged in coating the ceiling. The plasterers and their tenders were near each other at the time, having just eaten dinner and commenced work. About two or three yards of plastering had been completed when a cross pole or bearer gave way, and all upon it were precipitated to the floor beneath, a distance of about forty feet, the boards falling down upon them. The crash was heard at a distance of several blocks, attracting the attention of the neighbors and Third District police, who came running in to ascertain the cause. The unfortunate men were extricated with all possible dispatch and placed in positions to admit of medical treatment. Drs. McDonald, Chapman, Burke, Drinks and Leach administered to their necessities, when they were conveyed to their respective homes or to the hospital. One man was found dead. His name is James Wise. One man saved himself by jumping from the main to the side scaffold, and another (William Watt, one of the contractors) escaped with slight injuries by jumping into the recess for the organ. Eight others were more or less injured.

The lad, Geo. Smith, who rescued a child which fell overboard from a steamer carrying an excursion party to Fort Lee, has been presented by the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York with a silver medal and \$25 in gold.



THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER II. OF RUSSIA ENTERING THE SUBURBS OF MOSCOW.

PLAN OF PUBLICATION.

This country edition will contain the latest metropolitan news, general miscellany, sporting chronicles of the turf and field; religious intelligence, music, and the drama, up to Thursday evening, and will be despatched early on Friday morning. The New York edition will be published on Saturday morning, and will contain the latest intelligence, foreign and domestic, markets, &c., up to the latest hour on Friday night.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their aviaunce, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 2, 1856.

HOOPS AND PETTICOATS.

It was in times past a delicate matter to meddle with ladies' skirts, and mention above an inaudible whisper the subject of petticoats; but of late Dame Fashion has flaunted these things in our very faces, and, as firm believers in the doctrine that gentlemen should have some chance in this world, we dare to come to the rescue, and although not puffed up or puffed out, we should like to inquire, Where is the equality that once existed between the sexes? The best of the gentlemen, unless they are of that sort which resemble "three rolled into one," make "no show" now-a-days, and by comparison they are daily growing

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less."

We see hanging at "fashionable stores," mysterious frameworks, and notice surreptitious-looking individuals going about the streets loaded down with whalebone, reed, and rattan. The object is to exaggerate and expand "God's best gift to man," when man, from father Adam's time down to the present hour, has been perfectly satisfied with the "original design," and has officially proclaimed the fact at the marriage altar and in the "thirteenth regular toast" of every Fourth of July dinner, from the hour tradition runneth not to the contrary, down to the present A. D. 1856. Remarkable phenomena are not without their significance, and these gigantic garments tend to something. If we see a cloud no bigger than a hand in the horizon, we prophecy a storm; then what should not our fears suggest when we behold these wonderful dresses that in shape remind us of some galinaceous birds, which by dint of cunningly contrived muscles turn their brilliant plumage against the sun, and become glorious and most wonderful to behold. Finding fault, however, is no use; we admire in spite of the twinges of our conscience, the reproving of our judgment. We are forced to say of the sex, we love them still, and indulge in our profane speculations with fear and trembling. Fortifying ourselves behind the insane daring of others, and coming back to our original proposition, we quote from one who has let "himself out" on this subject, as follows:

"And talking of the ladies, they are positively getting bigger and bigger. The petticoat mania rages fearfully. They fill up the side-walks, and as they brush by, you feel bones—whalebones I mean, for there are no others within half a mile of you. What a dreadful reversal of the order of nature all this is. I do not object to plumpness and rotundity in the proper places, but what sense is there in being so tremendously obituary about the feet? Between you and me, Mrs. P. T. has fallen into the fashion, and maugre my remonstrances, has purchased one of the most monstrous of these inventions. I examined it with much awe, the other night, after she had gone to bed. O, Robert! it is 'fearfully and wonderfully made.' In size it is like a small country law-office. I think it must have been raised like a barn. It is latticed and corded and stiffened with the utmost ingenuity. When she has it on, my 'gude wife' is (to speak like Hamlet's father) 'clad in complete steel.' She is just as safe as if she was in a convent. She is entirely shut out from the vain world. Quoad the earth she is nothing but a large skirt. So much for the safety of the contrivance. The question of the beauty is another matter."

A gentleman well informed in the "mysteries of Paris," and who has by his official position unusual opportunities of informing himself about the secret things of the French capital, has discovered still greater wonders than ever entered our not by any means verdant imaginations, and enlivened our anything but starved eyes. In the columns of the *New Orleans Delta*, he has relieved himself as follows:

"I suppose you are ignorant of what we, in Paris, call tubular petticoats, and if so, I compliment you for your ignorance; but I would suggest to your lady friends the propriety, nay, the necessity of giving them a trial as soon as possible. Nothing is more convenient than the tubular or air petticoat. It consists of numberless linings of India rubber tubes sewed around a petticoat, all communicating with one another. Corresponding with these, is a movable tub which is left in the pocket, and which may be easily carried to the mouth. By blowing into this tube, the petticoat swells at will, and assumes any proportion required. Does an *élegante* wish to ride in a carriage where there is little room? Do ten persons wish to sit at a table where six persons would be uncomfortable? The only thing to be done is to let some air out by means of a small faucet, and the belle becomes as slender as a sylphide of the opera, and her dress is not crumpled. When dinner is over, or when about to leave her carriage, with a puff or two the volume of air is easily replaced. I suppose that you are not in New Orleans more exempt than we are in Paris from the exaggerated amplitude of

petticoats. Paris has become and is becoming too small. It does not number less inhabitants, but more petticoats. They are the cause of all our domestic unhappiness and of our excessive expenses. Starch is nothing else but flour, wrung from the mouths of those who hunger, and the abuse has consequently raised the price of bread. To keep petticoats in approved order and style, an apartment is required much larger than that used for a nursery. The tubular petticoat, therefore, has the advantage of occupying less room and of consuming only a reasonable quantity of flour or starch. In this city, where it is sometimes usual to court married ladies, the tubular petticoat serves as a species of protection to jealous husbands. A gentleman of my acquaintance, who before the invention of the said petticoat never allowed his wife to go into society, has now become exceedingly more tolerant. He allows her two balls and a rout every week, but on condition that he shall have, during the whole evening, free access to the tube used to swell the petticoat of his wife. Thanks to the tutelary tube, his jealousy is now more social, for he possesses an infallible remedy. When he sees a dangerous waltzer approaching his wife too closely, with a single powerful inhalation he inflates the petticoat, and wards off the danger. When, on the other hand, she wishes to rest upon a sofa near a lady friend, in a spirit of laudable economy he opens the faucet and saves the dress from ugly rumples."

HONORABLE FERNANDO WOOD.

THE Democratic State Convention gave Mr. Wood a very small vote as candidate for Governor, less we believe than the least sanguine of his friends expected. There is a moral to be drawn from this, which should be, but which will not be regarded or remembered by aspiring politicians. It is fresh in the minds of the whole country that Mr. Wood was elected Mayor in spite of an opposition, an obloquy, such as has seldom been brought to bear against any candidate. His triumph was regarded in many respectable quarters as a misfortune to the city, and good people felt alarmed for the result. Mr. Wood was finally installed into office, and promptly began an administration of our municipal affairs that finally extorted praise from his bitterest personal foes and political opponents. His name and his acts were alike blessed. Letters of congratulation poured in upon him from every part of the country, and he was held up in all cities as a model man and magistrate, and was emphatically the "most popular man in the land." No office seemed to be too good for Mayor Wood—the poor in their shambles, and the rich in their palatial palaces, looked forward with enthusiasm to the time when some opportunity would offer to do him honor. He was to be Chief Magistrate of New York, and, stepping from that pedestal, he was finally to occupy the Presidential chair! Such was the programme of public sentiment in the height of Mayor Wood's popularity, called forth by a few weeks of honest and fearless administration of our city government. But, presto, all suddenly changed; Mayor Wood distrusted the good and the virtuous of the people, and fell back for preferment into the dirty and disgusting ways of dishonest politicians. His brilliant reputation gradually faded out—his partisanship became eminent—his desire for office was seen—his independent course was done with, and he fell into the slough of common place, and was, and has been for a long time classified and identified with the hangers-on about the city government, prominent only because his station rendered him more conspicuous than the indolent mass. We say without fear of contradiction, that had Mayor Wood pursued his original line of conduct, if he had preserved up to this time the same manly firmness and disinterested discharge of his arduous duties that characterized him in the days of his universal popularity, he would have been nominated by acclamation at the Democratic Convention just held, and people of all political creeds throughout the State would have struggled with each other, to show how much they desired to honor an honest, fearless, public man. When will our politicians learn to trust the people, and repose in them, rather than in the pipe-laying, favorite-appointing, back-stairs influences of wire-pullers and managers? Let the case of Mayor Wood be a warning to other aspirants after political honors; let the reproof he has received sink into the hearts of all who really desire to serve the City or the State. In politics, as well as in all other things, "honesty is the best policy." When shall we have public officers in the City Hall who believe in the old adage, and will honor themselves and bless the community by acting accordingly? Echo answers coldly and discouragingly—when!

DOUGHTY, THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

This patriarch of landscape painters is dead. The cunning of his pencil, with his cold remains, lies entombed in the grave. Mr. Doughty possessed many elements of a great painter, and for many years his pictures were popular and met with ready sale. As a new landscape school grew up, headed by Cole, the timid handling of Doughty lost, to some extent, its charm with the public, and the artist found he had to struggle with brilliant rivals to maintain an eminent position. It is stated in the papers, and dwelt upon with singular appetite, that Doughty died in extreme penury, and that an admitted want of patronage was the cause. Then follow solemn and awful denunciations on public taste, and the terrors to be encountered by men of genius who dare to make a living by the pencil. For this we are sorry: it degrades art and artists. Penury is no necessary part of the profession; the same causes which make artists poor, make pork merchants, bankers, quack-medicine venders, and other money-making men poor—we mean a total neglect of the claims of business, an indifference to the laws which govern society, a regardlessness of what the public desire in pictures. These are the things which destroy fortunes, or rather independence, with all alike, whether they be artists or followers of seemingly more practical pursuits. Had Mr. Doughty, in the spring-time of his success, acted as prudent men do, and saved from his extra earnings what he really could spare, he might not only have been comfortable in his old age, but more than a competency might have been at his command. We are heartily tired of this mingling up mental acquirements with necessary poverty. The days of such conjunc-

tures have gone by. Mind and its creations, whether on canvas or the printed page, is now a commercial staple, as much as bank stock or whalebone. Cease this charging on the pursuit of art consequences which follow the disobeying of the laws of business, the laws of saving, the laws of economy, the laws of living within one's means—the laws, in short, that govern well-regulated and well-balanced minds.

THE WEATHER.—The severity of the drouth is complained of all over the country. There seems to be a general dryness and parching up of the earth, not only in the northern, but in the western and southern States. The season has been peculiar in many respects, but more especially for the intense heat. 1856 will be long remembered in this particular, and more especially so, as following the severest winter known for more than fifty years. On Wednesday night the parched-up denizens of New York were blessed with a regular old-fashioned rain storm, the effects of which were felt over a large surface of country. We have never in a tropical climate witnessed more terrific lightning, or heard more threatening peals of thunder. For awhile it seemed as if the artillery of heaven had opened upon the truant earth, but thanks to the merciful laws of electricity, its fire was spent in the atmosphere, and the loud tones of the thunder crash seemed to create feelings of admiration rather than alarm. The individual expression of our city has changed from soiled and dirty into a new and beaming one; the tree leaves, so long hidden under the accumulated dust, are rejoicing in their new lease of life, and whispering lovingly among themselves in joy for their new creation. Old and young breathe freer, and the little ones, who have been for days panting and suffering, are now bright and happy. Who can calculate the true value of God's blessings even in the common-place matter of a shower of rain.

COMMEMORATION OF OLD YALE.—Our next number will contain six magnificent original pictures, commemorative of commencement day at Yale college. The pictures were drawn by a distinguished artist, expressly for our paper.

MISS STANLEY.—We have on the wood, a portrait of Miss Stanley, surrounded by a group of her most celebrated personations, which was intended for our present number, but could not be properly engraved to meet our expectations; it will appear in our next issue, and we predict that it will be one of the finest works of art of the kind, ever got up in this country.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

HOT! HOT!! HOT!!! There—we have written the history, not of one, but of three weeks in as many words. Our exclamations are nothing near as pointed as those of the suffering humanities whose duties have kept them chained down to labor in this worse than tropical city during this protracted "heated term." It is without a parallel even in the recollection of the "sage of Brooklyn heights." The air has been close and sultry, the skies have worn the hue of molten silver, and the pavements have been like the glowing coals of a fiery furnace. Man and beast can hold out but little longer. The showers of yesterday (July 29)—the first in eighteen days—have only aggravated the matter, and the sun shines out to-day with a more intense heat, as if to revenge itself for its partial obscuration. Holmes's lines on the "comet" were written for this identical occasion. A speculative Yankee who came to this city to dispose of patent rights for an improved stove, was very properly "lynched" by an indignant community. The thermometer has not been remittent during the whole period, ranging all the while high up in the nineties, and amusing itself by taking an occasional leap of several degrees above one hundred, Fahrenheit. An expedition to the North pole started just now would find a whole host of volunteers. Pity the poor editors, and excuse all their short-comings.

The Commissioners of Health have issued a card to prevent the creation of unnecessary alarm in the public mind as to the present health of the city. In this statement it is shown that the mortality of the past week, compared with the number of deaths for the corresponding week of 1855, is less by sixty-six deaths. It is authoritatively stated that no disease exists at present in the city in an epidemic form. The Commissioners meet every day, and assure the public that every timely precaution shall be taken on their part to insure the preservation of the public health.

Politicians—senseless wretches that they are—not content with being literally broiled alive, must get themselves into a perfect stew about the election. Fillmore, Fremont, and Buchanan, have divided their attention with observations on the state of the thermometer. The hard and soft shell sections of the democracy met July 30, at Syracuse, to bury the hatchet of strife, smoke the calumet of peace, nominate Presidential electors and State officers, and create an excitement generally. Oil and water have thus mixed, which can be attributed only to the fusing state of the weather.

After some other business, and considerable talking, in which the Cincinnati platform received a large share of laudation, the Convention proceeded to the nomination of a candidate for Governor. Three unsuccessful ballots were had, the most prominent names being Gardner, Seymour, Parker, Schell, Vanderbilt, and Wood, when the names of Schell, Gardner and Wood were withdrawn, and on the fourth ballot Amasa J. Parker received a majority of the votes, and his nomination was made unanimous.

A numerously attended State Convention of radical democrats, representing, as one of the speakers remarked, the "pure essence of the democracy of New York," met at Syracuse, July 28. The leading radical democrats of 1848 have gone over almost *en masse* to Fremont. This movement will have an important influence upon the Presidential election, and will undoubtedly seriously damage the prospects of Mr. Buchanan in the Empire State. The following is the most important of the series of resolutions passed:

Resolved, That because the nominees of the Cincinnati Convention are pledged to make the resolutions of that Convention their guide and rule of conduct, and because their election would prolong and tend to perpetuate the deplorable misrule of the present administration, and because the exigencies of the times demand the union of all who oppose the extension of slavery and the waiver, for the present, of other questions of subordinate importance, and because the opinions of John C. Fremont and William L. Dayton on this subject, agree with our own, and there is much in their history and character to commend them to our regard, we hereby nominate them for the offices respectively of President and Vice President of the United States, and will use every honorable effort to secure their election, that we may rescue the Presidential office from the degradation into which it has fallen, and the politics of the country from the corruption which is fast undermining our best institutions.

The Whig State Central Committee met at Albany, July 25th. Resolutions expressing their individual preference for Mr. Fillmore for the Presidency, in favor of a State Convention, to meet at Albany on the 14th of August, to elect delegates to the National Convention,

to be held at Baltimore on the 17th of September, were adopted. The Fillmore meeting at the Academy of Music, July 25th, was large and enthusiastic. About 5,000 were present. Speeches were made by Mr. Ketchum, of New York, Messrs. Davis, of Maryland, Moore, of Ohio, Marshall, of Kentucky, and others. Mr. Waldo Hutchins offered the following brief and pointed resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That James Buchanan or John C. Fremont cannot be elected, but that Millard Fillmore can.

The Massachusetts Americans met in convention at Boston, July 25th, to nominate candidates for State officers. The preliminary proceedings were not harmonious. Upon taking a count for choice of temporary chairman, Mr. Fletcher, a Fremont man, received a majority of one hundred and six out of a total vote of five hundred and ninety. This result created great excitement. Some of the Fillmore men withdrew—after an all-night session—when Gov. Gardner was renominated. His letter of acceptance is published. He adheres to the Springfield platform unreservedly, and continues to believe that both the main ideas of the Springfield platform would be recognized in the administration of Col. Fremont, and that both would be inflexibly opposed by that of Mr. Buchanan, and the contest being, in the judgment of Gov. Gardner, "solely between these two gentlemen, I shall support the former."

The President has nominated to the Senate John W. Geary, of Pennsylvania, to be Governor of Kansas in the place of Shannon, removed. Mr. Geary, for many years a civil engineer, was elected Colonel of the second Pennsylvania Regiment in the Mexican war. He was appointed by President Polk, in 1849, to proceed to California as Postmaster of San Francisco. He was subsequently appointed by General Riley, Judge or Alcalde. He was the first Mayor of San Francisco under the city charter, and was appointed by the State Legislature a member of the Board of Commissioners for the funded debt. He is represented as being forty years of age, and admirably fitted for the discharge of the duties of the office to which the President has appointed him.

The jury in the Herbert case after retiring for three quarters of an hour, returned a verdict of acquittal. The announcement was received with manifestations of joy and delight, and Mr. Herbert was immediately surrounded by his friends, who accompanied him to Kirkwood House. The following little affair is related in connection with the closing scenes of the trial: About six o'clock Mr. Preston, for the prosecution, wished to reply to Mr. Walker's strictures, which was objected to by the other counsel for Mr. Herbert. Ex-Mayor Lenox, who was standing, was overheard by Mr. Ratcliffe to observe that was "unfair" or "unjust." Mr. Ratcliffe sharply said, in reply, "they wanted no outside interference here," and in the course of the hurried colloquy that ensued Mr. Lenox called Mr. Ratcliffe a liar. Mr. Ratcliffe immediately dashed at Mr. Lenox, but Mr. Bradley quickly interposed, and prevented a collision. Such is the version of the affair. Subsequently Deputy Marshall Phillips made a complaint before Justice Thompson, who was on the premises, that he had reason to believe Mr. Ratcliffe had sent, and Mr. Lenox had received a challenge. Mr. Ratcliffe was forthwith arrested, and held to bail in three thousand dollars not to fight a duel. A warrant was also served on Mr. Lenox.

The Brooks and Burlingame affair has culminated in the publication of cards by Mr. Burlingame and Lewis D. Campbell, his "friend." Mr. Burlingame is very severe in his remarks on Mr. Brooks. Mr. Campbell makes a plain statement of facts, and for the course pursued by Mr. Burlingame, selection of time, place, &c., declares himself alone responsible. We give a pithy extract from Mr. Burlingame's statement: "It would have been a happy circumstance for me, had I shown half as much regard for my reputation as our 'gallant' friend did for his life. Then, my name would not have been linked with one whose adroitness in getting out of difficulty is only equalled by his shrewdness in securing from an unsuspecting man what he tried to construe into an endorsement of his courage. I can indorse it no longer; and now give him full notice. It is kind of Mr. Brooks to hand me over to the reputation of men, and then to propose to admit me to the position of a gentleman provided I would challenge him. He seems to have forgotten how in his card he had just stated it was said of me that I would not send, although I would accept a challenge. If I cannot hereafter praise the gentleman's courage, I can commend his prudence." In addition to Mr. Burlingame's arrest and \$5,000 bail bonds, he was taken in custody by his wife, who arrived from Boston, and he is thus in double bonds to keep the peace.

It is stated that the President and Congressional party that visited the steamship Vanderbilt at Washington, were treated rather cavalierly by Commodore Vanderbilt. The anticipated feast was not forthcoming, nor was there a single bottle of champagne cracked to enliven the occasion. On the other hand, some accounts state that there was a fine feast on board. The Vanderbilt has returned to New York, but the Commodore remains at Washington to look after his mail contracts.

The details of the news from California, which the arrival of the steamer Illinois has placed us in possession of, continues as exciting as when the announcement was first made that the city of San Francisco had been taken out of the hands of the legal authorities and the criminal law was being enforced by a large body of the citizens, who styled themselves the Vigilance Committee. At the date of our news, (July 5,) the committee continued its organization, and was progressing in the work of ridding the city of the hordes of rogues with which it has been infested for a number of years past. On the 24th of June the excitement in regard to the movements of the committee, which had been lulled almost into acquiescence, was revived by one of their number being stabbed in the street by David S. Terry, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of California, while said member of the committee was attempting to arrest a notorious character. Judge Terry was immediately arrested and taken to Fort Vigilance, as the rooms of the committee are called, where at last accounts he was undergoing a trial. The last-mentioned incident was the signal for an attack upon the armory of the Marion Rifles, which was the rendezvous of the law and order party. The place was surrounded by over one thousand of the committee men in arms, with three or four pieces of ordnance planted in front of it. Before this formidable array it soon capitulated, and all the arms it contained were seized, together with about one hundred prisoners of war. The latter, however, were soon released from custody. The committee had also seized a quantity of government arms, which had been sent to San Francisco for the law and order party, on board a schooner. The Governor remained at Sacramento, and it was stated that he would make no more attempts to destroy the functions of the Vigilance Committee. The general commanding the State forces had retired and rendered his report to the executive, of an ineffective campaign. No political excitement existed in the State beyond a desire to know who were the nominees for the Presidency. The courts continued to hold their regular sessions in San Francisco, and the law was said to be more respected than ever before. The national anniversary was celebrated with becoming display and enthusiasm throughout the State. The accounts from the mining regions continued to be favorable, and the crops generally were reported good, although in some sections the grasshoppers had been very destructive.

No fighting of moment has occurred in Oregon or Washington Territory. Colonel Wright was not killed, as previously reported. The Oregon election returns were not all in, but the Democrats, it is believed, were victorious.

We have received by way of Aspinwall a few items of interest from Nicaragua. General Walker was inaugurated President on the 12th of July, and many natives, considering this an act of usurpation, had declared against him. Rivas still held possession of Leon. Walker was greatly in want of men and money for the expected struggle.

The New York Times is sorely exercised by impossible visions of the new city Post-office, which, it declares, upon what it calls good authority, will be located in St. John's park.

The Commissioners of Emigration have visited the Quarantine to take precautionary measures to prevent a spread of contagious diseases to this city. The unusual number of vessels laden with sugar from the West India ports arriving at this port have brought rather more than the ordinary number of fever patients in them. The health officer has taken every preventive measure possible, and at the request of the Board, the resident physician has appointed Dr. James Harcourt, who for many years was employed in the Marine Hospital as Consulting Physician, to take special charge of fever patients. The means adopted render the spread of disease to this city almost impossible.

A dreadful accident occurred July 25 in the Second Congregational church in Court street, corner of President street, Brooklyn,

by the falling of a scaffold. Nine persons who were on it at the time, were precipitated to the floor beneath, a distance of forty feet. One man was killed, three seriously injured, and the others more or less hurt.

The referee reports in favor of the payment of Mrs. Forrest's costs, and orders Mr. Forrest to give security for the alimony. In case Mrs. Forrest shall survive Mr. F., the judgment of the Court, now affirmed, shall be modified as to the allowance for support. The defendant will carry his case to the Court of Appeals. Per contra, the lawyers say that they have stipulated to do nothing in the matter until the 1st of September.

There was a serious accident on board the steamer Empire State, of the Fall River route, on Saturday night, July 26. One of the boilers or flues exploded, killing seven and wounding fifteen of her passengers and crew. Thirteen persons have died, and five more are not expected to survive their injuries.

A CURIOUS DREAM STORY.

Miss H. B. was on a visit to Miss Andre, and being very intimate with the latter, shared her bed. One night she was awakened by the violent sobs of her companion, and upon requesting to know the cause, she said, "I have seen my dear brother, and he has been taken prisoner." It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that Major Andre was then with the British army, during the heat of the American war. Miss B. soothed her friend, and both fell asleep, when Miss Andre once more started, exclaiming, "They are trying him as a spy," and she described the nature of the court, the proceedings of the judge and prisoner, with the greatest minuteness. Once more the poor sister's terrors were calmed by her friend's tender representations, but a third time she awoke screaming that they were hanging him as a spy on a tree, and in his regimentals, with many other circumstances! There was no more sleep for the friends; they got up and entered each in her own pocket-book the particulars stated by the terror-stricken sister, with the dates. Both agreed to keep the source of their own presentiment and fears from the poor mother, fondly hoping they were indeed built on the fabric of a vision. But, alas! as soon as news, in those days, could cross the Atlantic, the fatal tidings came, and to the deep awe as well as sad grief of the young ladies, every circumstance was exactly imparted to them as had been shadowed forth in the fond sister's sleeping fancy, and it happened on the very day preceding the night of her dream! The writer thinks this anecdote has not been related by Miss Seward, Dr. Darwin, or the Edgeworths, father and daughter, who have all given to the public many interesting events in the brilliant but brief career of Major Andre.

HOW TO GET A WIFE WITH A FORTUNE.

"JACQUES BONHOMME," a Paris correspondent, relates the following anecdote which he locates in that city: "A young man of fine family, though impoverished by the revolution, aspired to a post under government, to occupy which it was necessary to furnish a certain sum to deposit as security. Our hero could not obtain the necessary amount from his friends, and at last hit upon an expedient to put an easy end to the difficulty. He caused an advertisement to appear in one of the journals, as follows: 'A young man, occupying an honorable position, wishes to marry a lady well brought up, and possessed of 2500 francs. 2500 francs are but 500 dollars, and as there are many women in the world who would be glad to purchase a young, handsome, and honorably connected husband, on such moderate terms, it was quite natural that the advertiser, in the course of the three days during which his notice appeared in public, should have received many letters and applications. The young man addressed a note to each of the applicants, appointing a place and hour when he would meet them all together, and politely inviting all to come and look at him. On the evening indicated they came, and it is said, the company numbered full two hundred women. When all had assembled, the young man 'organized the meeting,' and made a speech, in which he thanked these ladies for the honor they proposed conferring upon him. 'But,' said the self-possessed young gentleman, 'you must understand, ladies, perfectly well, that I cannot marry you all, moreover, you are all so charming, (many of them were horrible witches,) it would be utterly impossible for me to choose amongst such lovely creatures. This, then, is my proposition: Consider me as an object put up at lottery. You number two hundred; make two hundred tickets, 2500 francs each, and the gross sum realized shall be the fortune of the lady who draws the lucky number, and whom I pledge myself to marry immediately.' They hesitated a moment, but the youth was good-looking, and the ladies were anxious to marry. One of them determined to accept the proposition, and the rest followed after, like a flock of sheep. As if to reward our adventurous young friend for his courage, his fortunate stars directed that he should fall to the lot of a youthful and pretty girl, whose greatest fault is an unhappy passion for practising on the piano. True to his word, the young man married her, and at last accounts, the couple thus strangely brought together were passing a pleasant honeymoon."

THE SUGAR CROP OF LOUISIANA.

THERE has been some difficulty amongst purchasers of sugar, says the National Intelligencer, in understanding the cause of the high price maintained by this article of necessity for some time past. This is explained by Mr. Sidel's movements in the Senate on Thursday last, on the subject of giving aid to the sugar planters of the United States. Mr. Sidel stated a fact of no small importance to the country at large. He said that the sugar crop of Louisiana for several years past has fallen off from four hundred and sixty or seventy thousand hogsheads to probably this year not more than one hundred and twenty thousand hogsheads. One cause which gives rise to great apprehensions on the part of the planters of Louisiana, is the supposed deterioration of the cane itself, which germinates from seed, but must be reproduced from the cane itself, which germinates from the eyes. It is necessary to introduce new plants, and to do this conveniently vessels must pass directly to where the cane is to be planted, so as to avoid frequent handling, which destroys the eyes of the cane. The Senate, in view of this information, very readily passed, on Mr. Sidel's motion, a joint resolution to authorize vessels so to pass without unloading at New Orleans. Mr. Sidel also asked an inquiry, which was granted, that the Committee on Agriculture report upon the expediency of making a specific appropriation for the importation of seed sugar-cane for gratuitous distribution to the planters of the United States.

As this is a subject of general interest to the country, it is to be hoped that no constitutional impediments will be allowed to thwart a purpose so decidedly beneficial and expedient. Secretary Dobbin, with a commendable solicitude on this subject, has suggested an idea that our ships of war might, without detriment to the public service, bring home specimens of cane, and he has given instructions to that effect. Mr. Browne, the able Superintendent of the Agricultural Bureau, has also made some valuable suggestions on the subject.

RELATIVE WEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES.—Some political statistician has compiled the following interesting table, basing his calculations upon the last National census.

FREE STATES.					
State.	Wealth.	Popula- tion.	Wealth per capita.	Popula- tion.	Wealth to each of 100,000.
Maine.....	\$260,000,000	352,770	\$398	30,000	\$8,666
New Hampshire.....	140,000,000	337,918	416	9,280	15,555
Verm. nt.....	135,000,000	336,777	402	10,212	13,600
Massachusetts.....	573,342,286	1,133,123	506	7,800	73,565
Rhode Island.....	84,000,000	166,541	505	1,306	64,615
Connecticut.....	203,739,831	383,918	532	4,674	44,291
New York.....	1,402,849,564	3,470,069	404	46,000	80,496
New Jersey.....	210,000,000	569,499	369	8,320	28,301
Pennsylvania.....	228,000,000	2,542,960	363	46,000	20,108
Ohio.....	359,381,366	2,411,017	415	39,964	24,295
Indiana.....	490,418,148	1,198,777	409	33,309	11,560
Illinois.....	460,000,000	1,242,917	370	57,400	8,303
Michigan.....	190,000,000	509,347	378	63,143	3,380
Wisconsin.....	92,912,318	552,109	168	53,924	1,706
Iowa.....	72,327,204	375,014	222	50,914	1,422
California.....	65,000,000	110,000	590	188,982	344
Total Free States.....	\$6,243,970,717	15,942,686	\$402	642,863	\$9,716
SLAVE STATES.					
Delaware.....	\$22,372,000	94,712	\$235	2,120	\$10,653
Maryland.....	243,537,091	661,817	378	9,356	26,174
Virginia.....	465,542,189	1,527,913	304	61,262	7,698
North Carolina.....	306,000,000	923,876	331	45,000	6,801
South Carolina.....	292,701,000	704,814	415	24,500	11,933
Florida.....	49,461,461	110,739	419	50,268	835
Georgia.....	354,425,174	935,090	378	58,000	6,110
Alabama.....	279,233,027	835,192	334	50,722	5,607
Mississippi.....	226,000,000	725,878	302	47,156	6,072
Louisiana.....	299,996,176	569,499	509	46,431	6,465
Texas.....	55,377,050	253,117	217	52,198	1,043
Arkansas.....	310,000,000	1,107,446	280	45,600	6,798
Tennessee.....	169,500,000	808,555	211	67,280	2,355
Missouri.....	411,000,138	1,115,504	369	57,680	10,931
Kentucky.....	100,000,000	1,000,000	100	100,000	1,000
Total Slave States.....	\$3,667,654,366	10,808,267	\$339	544,084	\$4,345
Total.....	\$9,911,625,083	26,750,953	\$371	1,186,947	\$5,371
Total wealth of the United States (1855).....	\$4,447,000,000	20,011,500,000			
Total wealth of England (1855).....	\$17,889,200				
Total wealth of New York City (1855).....	\$8,860,573,216				

* Estimated. † Average per capita.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

In Cleveland, last week, some scoundrel entered the dwelling of Mr. Filtner, and stole some \$300 worth of jewelry. He administered chloroform to Mr. F., wife and six children, and then administered up n their effects.

A new bridge to Goat Island, Niagara Falls, which has so long been wanted, is now being constructed, and will be, if completed according to the design, a much better structure than was ever before seen in that locality.

The Syracuse Standard says: "We learn that Miss Lewis, the young lady who was married to the 'man woman,' has finally become convinced that her pretended husband is a woman, and has, therefore, renounced her husband forever.

Mrs. Blackwell (formerly Rev. Antoinette Brown) arrived in Rochester last week. She has not been heard from the pulpit or rostrum, we believe, since her marriage.

During the last seven years fourteen hundred murders, it is said, have been perpetrated in and around San Francisco, and the city itself has been burned down seven times.

The Quebec papers give glowing accounts of the reception in that city of the 17th British regiment of infantry, which arrived on the 21st of July, direct from the Crimea. Having disembarked from the transport Vulcan, they were received with a transport of delight and affection by the pretty girls of Quebec, who have missed them sadly during the Crimean war.

John and Mary Williams, husband and wife, were arrested in Philadelphia, last week, on the charge of infamous treatment to their daughter. They are also charged with forcing her to drink liquor until she became intoxicated, and then making her the victim of the basest of purposes. She is only 15 years of age. They were both committed.

The Toronto Colonist learns that a violent row occurred in Guelph, on the anniversary of the battle of Boyne. A party of Orangemen passing through the streets were attacked by some rowdies, and a terrible fight ensued. Fire-arms were freely used, and many persons were more or less injured. The mob was finally dispersed by a company of riflemen.

Mickey Free, the pedestrian, is to walk in Newark, on a plank, 106 hours without sitting or sleeping, or coming off the floor or ground. The plank is to be forty feet long, three feet broad, and three feet from the ground. If the weather is favorable he will walk in the park, where all can see him.

Several destructive fires are now raging in the country, and especially between Buffalo and Rochester. The Buffalo Express learns from gentlemen who came over the Central road, that fires are burning in several places, and that between that city and Batavia are some places where the heat and smoke were intolerable. Houses are endangered, standing crops destroyed, and valuable timber reduced to ashes.

There is a family named Drew residing in Duxbury, Mass., composed of two brothers and four sisters, whose united ages amount to 496. The oldest brother is ninety, the next brother 88, and the sisters respectively 86, 79, 77 and 74.

An extended decision of the Hon. Alex. W. Bradford, Surrogate, in the case of the estate of Jeanne Du Lux, was rendered last week. The decision, which was in favor of her son, will be found to contain an interesting historical view of European marriage law. Mad. Du Lux was an eccentric French lady, who died in this city intestate, leaving \$70,000. John Pierre Ferrie, a barber of Cincinnati, is the lucky heir at law of her wealth. A special commission was sent to France to prove his legitimacy.

One of the pupils at the Institution for Deaf Mutes, in this city, has perfectly white hair, occasioned by a fever, which, in infancy, also destroyed his hearing. The child is a boy about fifteen years of age.

The gain to California in the arrival and departure of passengers the last six months is 7,163 persons, and the present population of the State is variously estimated at 350,000 to 400,000.

A man named Philip Segrist was murdered in Cleveland, Ohio, last week, by being stabbed in an affray with a German named Henry Warblestein, who confesses the deed. The murdered man leaves a wife and four children. Whiskey was the chief actor in the tragedy.

Among the passengers for Havre in the steamship Fulton, which sailed on Saturday, July 26, were Mrs. General Scott, Colonel Henry Bohlen, Captain Richard Adams, and Gabriel Ravel.

Another large fire occurred in Toronto, July 23, destroying a number of buildings on King and Wellington streets. Loss \$50,000.

The Rochester Union notices a singular escape on the Central railroad, near Lockport. A small boy, son of Mr. Richardson, was struck by the locomotive, and thrown a distance of eighty-five feet by actual measurement. The fireman said he first saw the child in the air some fifteen feet from the ground, and supposed it was a dog. Though at first insensible, the child had nearly recovered.

Luman Lawrence, proprietor of the "Mexico Hotel," in the village of Mexico, Oswego county, New York, committed suicide July 25, by cutting his throat. Pecuniary difficulties supposed to be the cause.

The Prohibitory Liquor Law has been repealed by the New Brunswick legislature, by a vote of 38 to 3, and the license law has been revived.

At the commencement at Harvard College, July 16th, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Rev. Edwin H. Chapin, of New York city; Rev. Thomas Worcester, of Boston; Rev. Henry Hill, of Athens, Greece, and Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, editor of the New York Independent.

The Utica New York Daily Gazette, (Democratic,) and the printing establishment connected therewith, have been sold to the friends of Mr. Fillmore. It is understood that the price paid was about \$12,000. Charles J. Radford, Esq., is to be the editor.

The Massachusetts American Convention, after an all night session, July 25, finally organized with Fremont officers and renominated Governor Gardner for reelection, with Henry W. Benchley for Lieutenant Governor. Many of the Fillmore men left the convention.

The Democrats of Vermont held a State Convention July 25, nominated Henry Keyes for Governor, and passed resolutions indorsing Buchanan.

The negro Wilson, condemned to death for the murder of Captain William Palmer, of the schooner "Eudora Imogene," at City Island last fall, was executed at White Plains, July 25. He died protesting his innocence.

Col. Schouler, lately editor of the Cincinnati Gazette, will hereafter be connected with the Ohio State Journal, (Republican,) published at Columbus.

The Glasgow News of June 9, says—"Mr. Aspinwall, the great American capitalist, one of the Panama railroad directors, and who lately made a voluntary surrender of upwards of \$100,000 per annum of commissions he was entitled to from the Pacific steamship company, is at present at the Clarendon, London, with his family, being lately returned from Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's.

A driver of a coal cart, named John McAlear, was arrested in Brooklyn for cruelty to the horse he was driving. The fellow, because the horse refused to draw to suit his wishes, beat him, and finally took the horse's tongue and drew it out until the blood started. Want of shoes on the feet was the cause of the apparent stubbornness of the animal.

Last week, while a Mr. Grayton, who resides at Six Mile Prairie, near St. Louis, was engaged in hoeing a water-melon patch, he was severely bitten by a large rattlesnake. After being bitten he followed and succeeded in killing the serpent, not, however, before he was weakened by the loss of blood. It was one of a very large class, having seventeen rattles. It is thought that amputation will be necessary.

A new oil has been introduced to dilute oil of roses, and render it less overpowering. It is brought from Mecca, and is extracted from a kind of geranium, at a cost of \$2 per pound, or one thirty-sixth the price of otto of roses. On account of a certain similarity of odor, and its likeness in color and weight to otto of roses, no other oil is so well adapted to mix with it and reduce its strength.

There are, by the census, 355 publishers in the United States, 2,000 booksellers, 15,000 printers and 3,500 bookbinders. The number of new books issued in 1855 is said to have exceeded 1,000. Only one book out of every 200 gets to a second edition.

The coroner's jury have rendered a verdict attributing the calamity on the Northern Pennsylvania railroad to the criminal negligence of conductor Hoppel, of the excursion train, and censuring the company for defective rules.

The Jury in the Herbert case, after a consultation of three hours and a quarter, returned a verdict of acquittal.

It is estimated that there have been no less than 100,000 natives killed and sold out of the Vey country, Africa, and these predatory wars have been the great productive cause of the slave trade in the region.

The notorious Schlessinger was not shot as reported. He is in the North of Nicaragua with a party of bandits. It is clearly ascertained that \$10,000 purchased his shame.

The Mayor of Buffalo has been requested to resign his office, by a vote of fifteen members of the common council, because he has expressed his preference for Fremont for the Presidency.

The sum subscribed in this city for the relief of sufferers by the inundations in France now amounts to \$7,559.

The New York Republican State Committee met at Saratoga springs last week, and agreed upon Wednesday, September 17th, as the day, and Syracuse as the place, for holding the convention for the nomination of State officers and the selection of a Presidential electoral ticket.

G. B. Butler, Esq., no longer appears as editor or proprietor of the Journal of Commerce. The firm is now Hallock, Hale & Hallock, names well known and highly respected by the profession at large, and by the newspaper readers of this city.

NEW BUSINESS HOUSE CORNER OF NASSAU AND PINE STREETS, NEW YORK.

ARCHITECT, MR. RAULTZ; BUILDER, MR. BOGERT; STONE CUTTERS, MAHONEY & CO.; IRONWORKERS, CORNELL & CO.

This extensive and highly ornamental building, just completed on the corner of Nassau and Pine streets, presents as pleasing an architectural structure—and one calculated to endure for ages, too—as any in the city, and reflects great credit upon its enterprising owners and architect. It is erected, not after the model of the too numerous examples of fire-enticing and time-destroying structures with which the metropolis is unfortunately replete, but upon the most approved basis of stability and fire-resisting principles—a proper type of the purpose for which it will be used. The wire-work alone will amount to some \$35,000.

The size of the building is 50 feet by 88 feet, five stories high, with basement and sub-cellar, and erected with Belleville stone in the ornate Italian style. On the exterior, the first story is ornamented with heavy rustic work, which is surmounted by a richly bracketed cornice. The windows above have heavy circular and triangular pediments; the angle windows being extravagantly decorated with cut-stone devices—this is a blemish; but we cannot avoid praising the owners for having removed those puerile conceits which looked much like strings of onions, but were intended, we presume, to represent horns of plenty. The building is strengthened at the angles with quoins, and crowned with a heavy dentilled cornice of stone, and a balustrade over of iron. Two doorways on Nassau street give ingress, one by a marble flight of stairs to the offices above, the other to the banking room—the latter is 35 feet wide by 65 feet long and 16 feet high; Scaglioli columns will be introduced here, the ceiling being heavily decorated: all the floors above this and the basement are intended for offices. The specie and paper vaults are built of granite in the strongest possible manner. All the floors are arched with brick, the beams being of rolled iron—Cooper & Hewitt's manufacture. All the doors are of iron, and the internal architraves to them and the windows will be formed of Keen's cement; the frames and shutters of the windows are of cast iron, the sashes of mahogany, glazed with polished plate glass. The roof is covered with corrugated galvanised iron. The total cost will be near \$165,000, exclusive of the value of the land.

MADLE. BOCHKOLTZ-FALCONI.

MADLE. BOCHKOLTZ-FALCONI, who is now the *prima donna assoluta* at the Court of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, is a vocalist of rare ability, and one of whom, if her reputation is not exaggerated, we shall hear more in the coming Paris musical season. She is superb in figure, and her features are capable of high dramatic expression.

PHRENOLOGY AT A DISCOUNT.—Rev. F. A. Shearer, a Presbyterian clergyman of Iowa City, Iowa, publishes a letter in the last number of the *New York Observer*, exposing the humbuggery of a phrenological examination of his head, made in public by Mr. O. S. Fowler, of New York city, who is now making a tour in the West, "feeling heads." The examination was a curious one. It seems that Mr. Fowler did not know the gentleman whose head he was examining. After a few remarks concerning his physical constitution,



MADLE. BOCHKOLTZ-FALCONI.

Mr. Fowler went on to state that Mr. Shearer had a fine talent for acquiring wealth—a good judge of property—loved to loan money at 40 per cent., with good security—had no conscientiousness—seldom or never went to church, and had no feelings of devotion—was as stubborn as a mule, and will never yield an opinion, &c. As Mr.

Fowler was going on in this style, a gentleman in the congregation arose and cried out "Humbug," informing the phrenologist that his subject was a poor and pious Presbyterian clergyman, the pastor of their church. At this rejoinder, Fowler was struck dumb. As soon as he recovered himself, he apologized—"that he should not have made that examination; that he was too much exhausted; not in a proper state of mind," &c. The audience were very indignant at the phrenologist; but the latter, before leaving the city, in order to save his science from the death blow, told the Baptist minister, Rev. C. B. Smith, that his examination was correct, and that those traits of character would yet be developed in Mr. Shearer. Mr. Shearer, who has been a faithful and devoted clergyman and pastor for sixteen years, is not at all pleased with this phrenological slander, and is at a loss to know how the phrenologist can justify himself in reporting it.

ELOPEMENT, CAPTURE, AND RETURN, IN TENNESSEE.—On Saturday evening last, a lady and gentleman of this city took passage on the five o'clock train for Chattanooga. Both parties are married, the one leaving his wife and the other her husband in Nashville. It was readily ascertained that they were fleeing from home with criminal intentions. A despatch was immediately sent to the Marshal of Chattanooga, giving a description of the free love couple, and authorizing him to arrest them. The train arrived there at five o'clock Sunday morning; the man was arrested and imprisoned, and the woman furnished with lodgings at one of the hotels. The next train brought to Chattanooga the husband, the brother and brother-in-law of the erring woman. She refused an interview with her husband, but consented to admit her brother into her room. So great was his indignation that he attempted to shoot her, and was only prevented by a gentleman who was with him. A subsequent interview resulted more fortunately, and she consented to return home and to the house of her husband. Her friends took her lover from prison, and the whole party started on Monday's train for Nashville. The guilty man had not the courage to meet the outraged partner of his bosom, or face the finger of derision pointed by those who have no charity for human weakness, or forgiveness for sin committed. While not immediately under the eye of his guardsmen, he ran to the platform of the smoking car and leaped wildly from the train. He has not been heard of since, and it is supposed by some that he was badly crippled or killed. The unfortunate man was an American, and kept a small confectionary on South Market street. The other parties are Germans. Satisfactory considerations induce us to withhold for the present the names of those who "loved not wisely, but too well."—*Nashville (Tenn.) Gazette*, July 24.

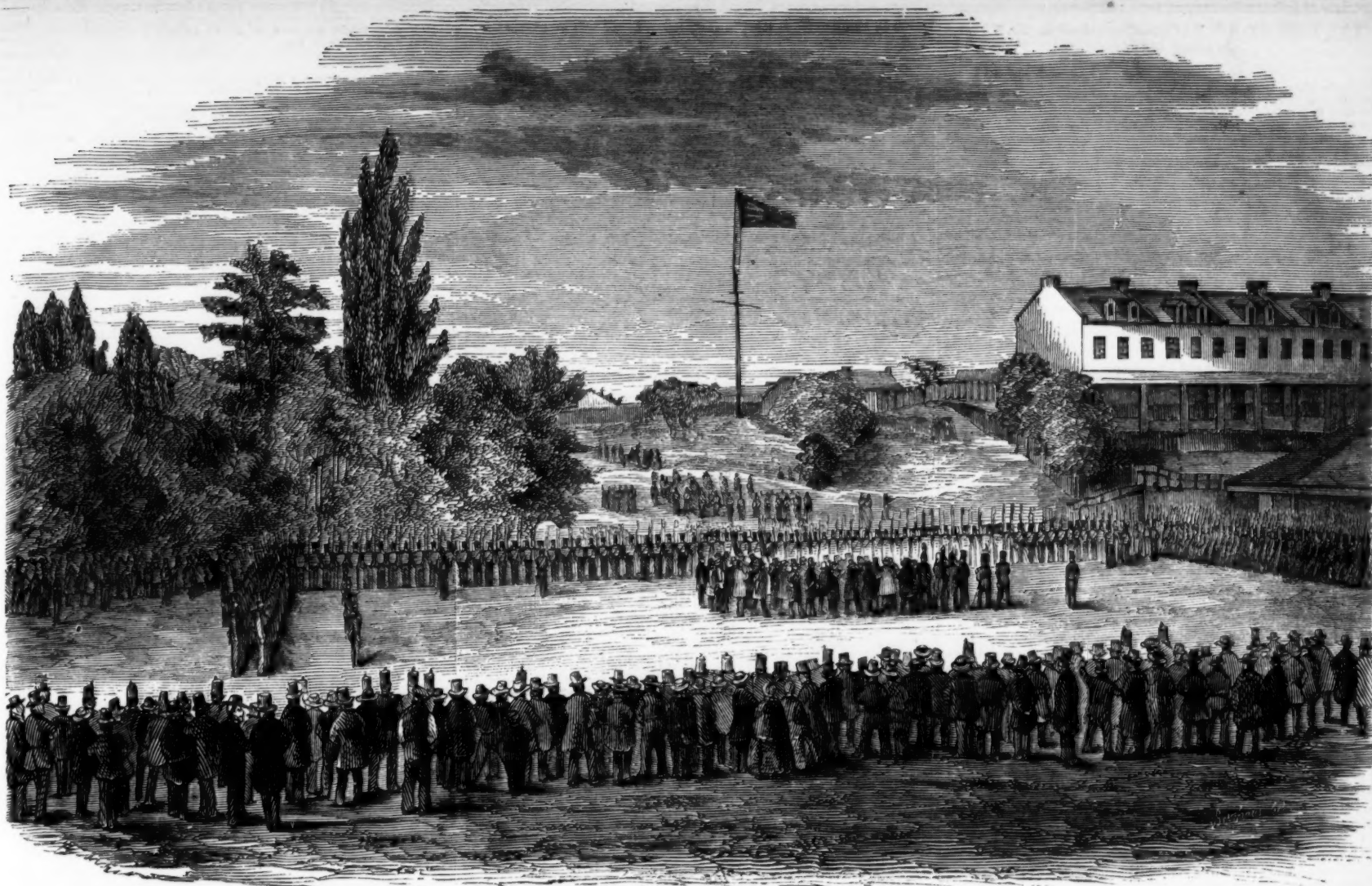
HAIL STORM IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The vicinity of Nashua and Hollis were visited by a smart hail storm and shower on Tuesday, July 22. Buildings and trees were injured, and some corn fields entirely destroyed. In Hollis the ground was white with hail.

There was but twenty inches water in the channel of the Ohio river at Pittsburgh on the 26th of July, and falling.

The Delaware peach crop, it is said is a total failure. The peaches are few and inferior in quality. With a large wheat crop well secured throughout the country, the people can endure the loss of their peaches.



NEW BUSINESS HOUSE, CORNER OF NASSAU AND PINE STREETS, N. Y.



RECEPTION OF CRIMEAN SOLDIERS IN KINGSTON, CANADA WEST—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SHELTON.

ADDRESS TO THE CRIMEAN SOLDIERS IN CANADA.

By the attention of a correspondent in Canada, we are enabled to give in our present number a pictorial view of the reception and presentation of an address of congratulation to the first regiment of soldiers arriving in Canada from the late seat of war in the Crimea. The address was presented to the Ninth regiment of Infantry on their arrival to assume garrison duty at Kingston. It was read on the parade ground of the artillery barracks, and the view is taken by a very able American artist named Sheldon, who is settled and practising his profession in that city. The address was read by Overton S. Gildersleeve, the mayor of the city, also, we believe, of American descent, and was an eloquent and effective tribute to soldiers arriving from hard service, and who had performed their duty in the field. It was replied to by Colonel Borton, the officer commanding, in a nervous, soldierly, and vigorous address. After the presentation of the address, the officers and soldiers were invited to a banquet and entertainment, at which much good cheer and some excellent speeches were made. The view we present was taken by Mr. Sheldon at the moment when the address is being read, in a square formed three sides of soldiers and the fourth of civilians. The rising ground around the flag-staff in the rear was covered with spectators, which forms, with the trees, an excellent background to the picture.

VIEW OF FORT VIGILANCE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FORT VIGILANCE, an edifice which will be memorable in California's history for many years to come, is situated on Sacramento street, between Front and Davis, and extends back to a small lane known

as Halleck street. The front of the building, on Sacramento street, is the portion given in the picture, and is about twenty feet in the rear of the breastwork, which is composed of sandbags, the embrasures being lined with plank. It is about ten feet high, and is six feet wide. Behind it are planted cannon, in positions to rake all the approaches to the building. The Committee's rooms extend into the adjoining edifices, and on their tops sentinels are posted and cannon mounted. On the top of the fort a small piece of artillery is placed commanding the vacant square in front. No one is admitted inside of the breastworks or into the building without the password of the Committee, which body now comprises over six thousand members. These are formed into regular battalions, whose headquarters are in various parts of the city. On the ground floor of the fort are the field pieces and heavy ammunition, while above the lighter arms are conveniently arranged. On the second floor also are the various offices, the rooms of the Executive Committee, and the prisoners' cells.

A large bell is placed on the roof. Its weight is about 700 pounds, and it replaces the triangle which was at first erected, but whose sound proved to be insufficient in power for the purpose for which it was erected. At the top of the bell, the members of the Committee from various parts of the city assemble in case of an emergency.

Here are also placed several pieces of cannon, which overlook the different streets. Nearly all the stores in the block are occupied as usual by business houses, and their transactions go on uninterrupted. The corresponding block upon the opposite side of Sacramento street is vacant, having been burnt over a few months since. The adjoining blocks on the other side, except on the last, are composed of solid brick and masonry work, thus preventing any possibility of firing the buildings by the opponents of the Committee. About a hundred guards are kept constantly on watch, to protect the rooms and property of the Committee.

Such is a faint outline of the Vigilance Committee headquarters in San Francisco, the centre of more power and terror to evil-doers than all the courts or Governors of California; because it has, to aid its physical strength, the entire moral force of the State. There is more confidence reposed in its action than in all the legal tribunals we have ever had among us.

SOUNDING THE ALARM BELL OVER THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE ROOMS. (SEE PAGE 144.)

Its sounding on the eventful Saturday, June 21st, caused a stirring scene in our streets. The whole city seemed in motion. The business affairs suspended. Men in their shirt sleeves, just from their places of business, hurried towards the fort, in numbers which seemed sufficient to cause immediate confusion in the arrangements that were to follow. But heterogeneous and indiscriminate as was this mass of men, and hurried and apparently irregular as were their movements, but a few moments elapsed ere they were in line, ready for battle had battle been necessary. The fort and its vicinity fairly swarmed with their numbers. And though to the careless observer all seemed confusion, there was method in that confusion, and if the Vigilants resembled bees in their mustering for service, the parallel was fully carried out in the efficiency and precision of their subsequent action.

BOARDING THE SCHOONER JULIA BY THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE POLICE.

Information was received at the Committee Rooms on the 20th of June, that a large quantity of fire-arms was being concentrated on board a vessel lying at Maria Island, and that the vessel was about to sail for San Francisco, and deliver the weapons over to the "law and order" party. On receiving this news, the Committee procured two small vessels, and placed a detachment of men on board of each. They got under way, and when within a short distance of the city, interrupted the vessel, a sloop named the Julia, with the arms on board, on her way down. The two armed boats boarded and took possession of her in the name of the Vigilance Committee, brought her into port, and removed the arms to the Committee Rooms. There were three hundred muskets on board, all told.

ASSAULT UPON A LATE MEMBER OF THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.—Mr. Edward A. Jessell, a resident of Jersey City, who recently returned from San Francisco, and who, while there was a member of the Vigilance Committee, is charged, was attacked July 28, by Andy Shehan, well known in sporting circles, who beat him (according to the affidavit) in a terrible manner. It appears that Shehan had known Mr. Jessell, by sight in California, and happening to meet him at the corner of East Broadway and Catherine street, on Monday night, he accosted him, and accused

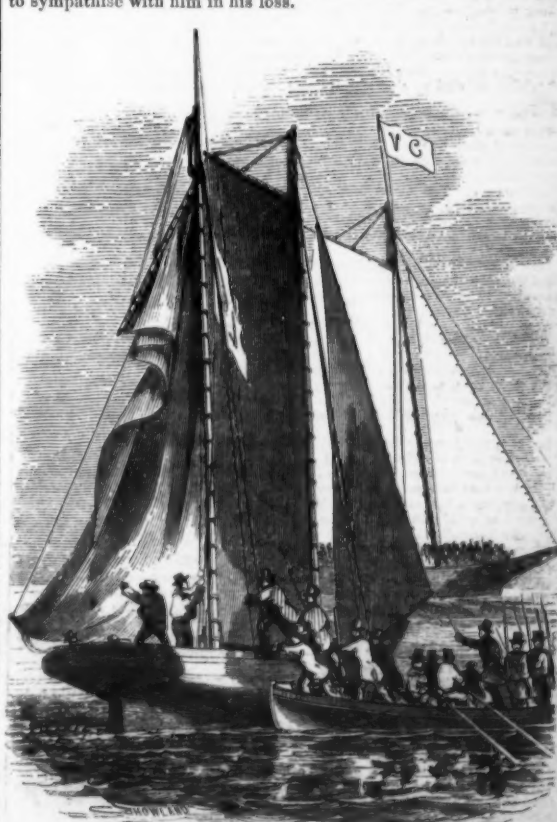
him of having aided in the capture of Yankee Sullivan and acting with the Vigilance Committee in their crusade against the gamblers and others who had been expelled from the State. He then fell upon Mr. Jessell, and beat him until he was hauled off by some bystanders. No policeman was about, and Shehan escaped arrest at the time, but yesterday he was captured by officer Masterson, of the Chief's bureau; but as Mr. Jessell had made no complaint against him, he was released from custody. Later in the day Mr. J. made a complaint against him before Justice Welsh, who issued a warrant for his re-arrest. At the time of the assault Mr. J. had in his shirt bosom a pin containing twenty-five diamonds, which he valued at \$600, which was missing immediately afterwards and has not been seen by him since.

HIGH PRICE FOR NEGROES.—There has been a greater demand for negroes in this city during the months of May, June and July, than ever known before, and they have commanded better prices during that time. This latter is an unusual thing, as the summer months are generally the dulllest in the year for that description of property. Prime field hands (women) will now bring from \$1,000 to \$1,100, and men from \$1,250 to \$1,500. Not long since a likely negro girl sold in this city at private sale for \$1,700. A large number of negroes are bought on speculation, and probably there is not less than \$2,000,000 in town now seeking investiture in such property. —Richmond Dispatch.

ELOPEMENT IN CINCINNATI.—Last Sunday evening, a lady (wife of one of the Sixth street merchants) eloped from her husband in Cincinnati, leaving an affectionate note, requesting her husband to take good care of a child she left behind, assuring him that the child was his. The only emotion expressed by the bereaved husband was to knock down a gentleman—an intimate acquaintance—who came to sympathise with him in his loss.



VIEW OF FORT VIGILANCE—FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY VANCE.



BOARDING THE SCHOONER JULIA, BY THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE POLICE.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.—Commenced in No. 7.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer thee,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.—SHAKESPEARE.

GREAT was the disappointment at Hope Farm at the non-appearance of Mr. Cusack, who had promised to return on the following day, and bring with him the proofs of the truthfulness of his assertions,—proofs which our hero felt most anxious to possess. The more Dick reflected on the inconsistency between his conduct and words, the more he felt puzzled to account for it. Why, he repeatedly asked himself, should a man whom he had never seen before—who held an honorable position in the country—sport with his feelings, and wantonly sacrifice his own character by a lie? On the other hand, if he really possessed the papers, as he boasted, why did he not return with them from Melbourne? Both questions were equally difficult to answer, and Dick remained with his mind upon the rack, in that most painful of all states, uncertainty.

It is the doubt of ill which wrings both heart and brain and not the ill confirmed.

George Chason still remained firm in his conviction that Mr. Cusack had spoken the truth; a hundred unforseen circumstances, he argued, might have detained him in Melbourne; and William Giles was of the same opinion.

"He will be here," observed the latter, "before sunset; unless," he added, struck by the sudden recollection of the party he had met on his previous visit to the farm, "he has encountered the bushmen."

Martha, who was listening to the conversation, trembled violently. A terrible explanation of the cause of the surveyor's absence presented itself to her mind.

"Bushmen," repeated her brother; "I never thought of them."

"It was instantly proposed and agreed to that the three men should start at once, well armed, and take the route through the forest, in the hope of meeting him, or, if not, ascertaining his fate."

"By heaven," exclaimed the farmer, "if anything has happened to him, we will hunt the wretches through the settlement. Hitherto we have been free from such characters."

His sister dared not speak. The oath she had taken fettered her tongue in silence. "Should they meet?" she mentally ejaculated. "Oh, should they meet?"

George eyed her narrowly. The agitation which the poor creature could not entirely repress struck him as something unusual, strange—so different from her usual quiet manner.

"Have you anything to say, Martha," he demanded, "before we start?"

"No, nothing; that is, for heaven's sake be careful of your safety."

"What is it, or whom is it, you fear?" he replied.

"My terrors are vague as the danger which menaces," she answered; "but I have one of those dreadful presentiments on my mind which reason cannot shake off. I feel as a poor weak woman feels when all she loves is in peril. I have only you, George," she added, yielding to her tears, "to bind me to life, you and Dick. Think on the desolation, the utter desolation,—that would fall upon me should harm arrive to either."

"Little fear of that," observed William Giles, who had been carefully loading his rifle. "Three determined men are a match for a dozen such rascals. We have beat the woods too often to be frightened at shadows."

George Chason asked no further questions, but he a cruelly felt hurt at what he considered his sister's want of candor with him; for he felt convinced that she had other grounds for her fears than she had given utterance to.

"As we pass the home run," he said, "I will send Crump to the house. The sheep must remain under the care of the boy for one night, and the dogs—"

"Take them with you," interrupted Martha, eagerly; "for heaven's sake take them with you; we have nothing to dread at the farm."

The speaker recollected the protection the faithful brutes had been to her on two occasions when she had met her worthless husband, and, woman-like, considered the safety of those who were dear to her before reflecting on her own.

"You think we shall find game to hunt, then," said Dick, who, equally with George Chason, had been struck by her manner. "But is there no fear that their lair may be near the farm?"

"None," replied Martha, with an effort; "I have no fear for myself."

The party had quitted the house but a few minutes, when our hero, under pretence of having forgotten something, returned. On entering the room he found Martha on her knees so absorbed in mental prayer, that she did not hear his footsteps. Quietly raising her, the young man imprinted a kiss upon her pale cheek, which was still wet with tears.

"You have seen Amen Corner," he said.

The poor creature wrung her hands in silent agony.

"You cannot deceive me," he continued. "I have seen your features too frequently blanched with terror when you expected his return, to be mistaken in the expression,—or the cause. And the money, too, Martha, which you almost asked of me! When did you ever betray a desire of obtaining money before? Still silent! Will you not answer me?"

"I cannot—dare not," faltered his nurse.

"Dare not!" repeated Dick; "what am I to understand? What is it you fear?"

The ruffian can pretend to no authority over you here; for if at liberty, it is only as an escaped felon."

"Think of the shame to George," replied Martha; "the blow to his honest pride; the stain I have brought upon his name. Should they meet—Oh, should they meet!"

"There is misfortune in being related to a bold, bad man," answered Dick, seriously, "but no dishonor. Farewell," he added, "and remember that above the villain's machinations, the blow of violence, the aim of fraud, is the eye of an all-seeing Providence, ever ready to interpose its shield to save, its arm to strike the guilty even in the moment of their triumph."

With these words he left her.

Various were the speculations which George Chason and William Giles indulged in as to the cause of the crown surveyor's absence. Our hero maintained silence; he had his own presentiments on the subject—presentiments which were doomed soon to be realized.

The party had beaten the forest more than three hours, when they came upon a group of men who evidently were anything but bush-rangers, seeing that they were mounted on horseback, and several of them in the uniform of the Melbourne police.

"Why is it Mr. Wood, the magistrate," exclaimed the owner of Hope Farm, "and two of the superintendents. Something serious must have occurred to bring them so far from the city."

The speaker and his companions hastened their steps. When within a few yards of the party, the former waved his hand amicably to the magistrate; his salute was coolly returned.

"What brings you to the forest, gentlemen?" inquired George.

The group silently divided and discovered the body of Cusack lying with the face upwards. There was blood upon the front of his shirt, and the light colored blouse bore the same dark stain. He had been shot through the heart.

"Poor fellow," exclaimed William Giles; "I did not expect this." Turning to our hero, he added, "You see now why he broke faith with you."

Dick was too much agitated to utter a word. It was not the first time, as our readers are aware, that he had looked upon death, but the sight appalled him. It was evident from the state of the murdered man's dress that he had been robbed as well as assassinated, for the pockets were half torn from his clothes.

"For me!" he murmured, "for me he died! My old fatality pursues me."

"This is one of the most painful circumstances," said Mr. Wood, "which has occurred since I have held the office of stipendiary magistrate in the settlement; but justice knows no distinction of persons;—my duty must be done. George Chason," he added, "I am about to put certain questions to you in my official capacity. You must use your own discretion whether you answer them or not; for I warn you that any admission you may make will be used against you."

"Against me!" repeated the farmer, with a look of intense surprise.

"Even so."

"Pray ask them, sir," continued the farmer, in a tone of wounded pride. "I had thought that my name and character had placed me above suspicion; that—but no matter. Justice, as you say, knows no distinction of persons. Pray proceed."

Dick advanced close to the side of the speaker, and quietly pressed his hand.

"Thank you, Sir Walter," murmured George. "I am glad you do not doubt me."

"I could as soon doubt myself," was the reply.

"Where did you pass your time yesterday?" demanded the magistrate.

"In visiting my sheep run on the other side of the hills."

"Did William Giles accompany you?"

"No."

"Did this gentleman?" added Mr. Wood, pointing to our hero.

"No, they both remained at the farm."

One of the mounted police approached the magistrate, and whispered something in his ear; the gentleman gave a nod of intelligence, as much as to say, "I am coming to it," and renewed his examination.

"Which way did you return?" he asked.

"By the forest."

"Then you must have passed this spot."

"Within a mile of it," replied George Chason. "But what of that? You might have been there too—or any where. This is a mockery—an insult!"

"Patience," said Mr. Wood, gravely, "patience. If you are innocent—as I sincerely trust it may prove—you ought not to object to the course I am pursuing."

"If I am innocent!" repeated the farmer, his open, manly countenance flushing with indignation. "If I—well, proceed—pray proceed."

"How were you dressed yesterday?"

"In the same clothes I wore to-day," was the reply.

It was evident that this answer produced an unfavorable impression not only on the magistrate, but on those who were with him.

"You are quite certain of the truth of what you assert?" he asked, after a pause.

"Quite."

"Are you acquainted with Philip Tyers?"

"Well acquainted with him. He has made clothes for me ever since I have resided at Hope Farm."

"Did you ever quarrel with him?"

"Never."

"Then he can have no source of ill-feeling against you."

"Not the slightest."

"George Chason," said the magistrate, "it is my painful duty to commit you to the prison at Melbourne upon the charge of murdering the crown surveyor, Mr. Cusack. I was in hopes that you might have been enabled to ex-

plain satisfactorily the circumstances which cast suspicion on you; such, however, unfortunately, has not been the case."

The farmer stood like one thunderstruck; his indignation and shame were too powerful for words.

"Permit me, sir," observed our hero, advancing into the centre of the group, "to ask what these circumstances are; for at present I can perceive no reason why I, or my friend William Giles, might not with equal—nay, with greater—reason be accused, seeing that one is a positive, and the other a comparative, stranger amongst you. Mr. Chason, on the contrary, is known to all of you; known for his probity, his life of usefulness and industry. Men do not fall from honor to the extreme of crime; a gradual change intervenes; they descend by gradations. If justice be not a mockery in your settlement—accusation a caprice, the friends of the man you accuse have a right to demand an explanation."

Several of the party who were with the magistrate declared that the request was only reasonable, and more than one voice called upon Philip Tyers to repeat his statement.

A meek, simple-looking man, who had hitherto kept himself in the background, advanced to the side of the magistrate, who called upon him to repeat the statement, which he had previously made upon oath.

Dick eyed the witness narrowly; the expression of his features was that of profound regret at the painful task he was compelled to perform.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, with a deep-drawn sigh, "it's hard, very hard to be forced to speak a word against an excellent customer and an old acquaintance, and I wish to goodness I had kept what I saw a secret in my own breast; for, as the proverb says, 'a still tongue maketh a wise head.' But I was so terrified, and the police is so 'cute, it's my belief they'd whistle a bird out of its nest; there's no resisting their coaxing ways."

"Your story, sir," interrupted our hero, impatiently; "we want to hear what you say you saw. Regrets are useless now."

"Well," resumed the tailor, "work being rather slack, for money is getting scarcer every day in Melbourne—I can't imagine where it's all gone for my part."

"To the point," exclaimed the magistrate, "the point."

"I am coming to it," replied the tailor, "but you must let me get to it my own way. As I said before, having nothing to do at home, I borrowed my neighbor Hutchin's gun, to have a day's shooting in the wood. Poor sport, the 'possums ain't half so plentiful as when I first came into these parts, and those that remain are plaguy difficult to hit, grown shy, I suppose, for there is wonderful instinct in the critters. Bear with me," he added, seeing his auditors' looks of impatience at his prolixity. "I had bagged a pigeon or two, and got one shot at a groo, but think I missed him."

William Giles whispered to Dick that the speaker meant a kangaroo.

"I was just on the brow of the hill then," resumed the speaker, "when I heard the report of a rifle; it rang sharp and clearly in the air. I don't know why, but I felt uneasy, and hid myself in the bush. Perhaps I ain't the most courageous person in the world; but then, gentlemen, I have a wife and five small children depending on me. I took heart at last, and crept out of my hiding-place, when I saw—ugh! I shall never forget it—"

"In Heaven's name, what or whom did you see?" demanded Dick.

"The crown surveyor lying flat upon his back and George Chason rifling his pockets; that's what I saw; and I wish to Heaven that some one else had seen it, and I had been seated on my shopboard at home."

"Saw me," slowly repeated the accused, "rifling the pockets of Mr. Cusack! Why, Philip, are you drunk or mad? I never met the murdered man—never set eyes upon him from the hour he left Hope Farm."

The assertion was received by the majority of those who heard it with a smile of incredulity. The witness was known no less for his honesty than his simplicity and cowardice. No amount of bribery, they felt assured, could have induced him to invent such a tale.

"I walked," added the tailor, "or rather, I ran, till I came within sight of Healey's farm, where I got three of his men to accompany me to Melbourne. I had no intention at first of saying who it was I saw commit the murder, for I always respected Mr. Chason; but somehow or other the police wormed it all out of me."

The speaker drew such a heavy sigh, and looked so wretched, at the conclusion of his statement, that it was impossible to doubt the reluctance with which he made it.

"Well, sir," said the magistrate, addressing himself to our hero, "I trust you are satisfied that the accusation against your friend has not been made from mere caprice, and that in ordering his arrest, I have only discharged a necessary, a very painful duty."

"I am bewildered," replied the young man; "but my confidence in the innocence of George Chason," he added, with a burst of feeling, "is still unshaken. I could sooner, had I witnessed what this man describes, doubt the evidence of my senses—distrust both sight and hearing—than doubt his integrity and worth, for I have proved both. Speak, George—pray speak. I am sure you can say something to clear yourself of this hideous charge."

"I can only declare," said the farmer, "That Philip Tyers, from some unaccountable motive, has lied—most foully lied, and my blood be on his head."

"Don't say so, George," exclaimed the little man, greatly distressed. "I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head for all the world. I wouldn't hurt a hair of anybody's head. It wasn't my fault that you wore that remarkable coat."

"What coat?" hastily demanded Dick.

"Oh! he knows," answered the tailor. "The one I made for him, with great pearl buttons. There ain't another set like them in the colony. I could swear to them at any distance."

"Gracious heavens!" said the accused; "why I have not seen the coat he means these three months,—the perjured villain!"

The truth suddenly flashed upon the mind of our hero, and he suddenly grasped the witness firmly by the arm.

"Answer me truly," he said, "and remember that the life of a fellow-creature hangs upon your word. Did you see the features of the assassin?"

"Don't I tell you," replied the man, struggling to extricate himself, "that I knew him by his buttons?"

"That is no answer. I must request your authority, sir, to obtain one."

The magistrate, thus directly appealed to, commanded Philip Tyers to reply directly to the question.

"I didn't want to see his face," stammered the little man, who was getting more and more confused every instant. "What use would there have been in my seeing it? But I can swear to the buttons."

"Enough," said Dick, releasing him. "I believe now you have spoken truthfully. Both my friend William Giles and myself, sir," he added, addressing the magistrate, "are ready to make oath, that when George Chason quitted the farm yesterday morning to visit the sheep-run, beyond the hills, he was dressed as he is now, and wore the same clothes on his return."

"My shepherd, Crump, can prove it too," exclaimed the farmer. "He is up at the house; I sent him there to keep guard during our absence; for we quitted home in search of the very man I am accused of murdering."

"You came well armed," observed the magistrate, whose opinion of George's guilt was somewhat shaken.

"There are bushmen in the neighborhood, replied William Giles, "and it is my firm conviction that this deed of blood is their work."

"Where is this coat?" demanded Mr. Wood.

"Doubtless at the farm," answered the accused, with honest frankness; "you will find it there."

Dick longed to interpose—but he had only his suspicions.

"You have not parted with it?" added the magistrate.

"No."

"You must have heard enough, sir," said our hero, "if not to convince you of the innocence of my friend, at least to shake your conviction of his guilt. Let me entreat you to return with us to Hope Farm: you will find, I am convinced, not only that the coat in question has been parted with, but by whom and to whom."

"Do you speak from positive knowledge of the fact, or suspicion only?"

"From suspicion merely, but suspicion so strong that it amounts in my own mind to certainty. Reflect on the pain an honorable man must endure, should you persist in your first intention of conveying him to a prison. I will be bound in any penalty you please, life itself, that he does not attempt to escape."

"And I, too," added William Giles.

Several of the settlers declared that they were equally ready to become security for honest George Chason, so completely had the tide of feeling changed in his favor.

"I cannot grant all you request of me," replied the magistrate, after some reflection; "the responsibility is too great; but what I can I will. The accused must accompany the officers to Melbourne, and pass the night in the prison; but I will send directions that he shall not be treated as a criminal, or be disgraced by passing through the town handcuffed; in the meanwhile I consent to accompany you to the farm. Do not press me any farther on the point," he added; "I have conceded all that my duty permits."

The tone of decision in which this was uttered forbade all reply. William Giles declared that if George was to be locked up he would be locked up with him, and persisted in his intention till reminded that he could render more real service by joining in the search after the real culprit. Upon which, the warm-hearted fellow hastily tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote a few hasty lines to his father, requesting the old man to meet him at the spot where the murder had been committed, in the morning. One of the police promised, after seeing the prisoner safe, to ride over with it to old Giles's farm.

Mr. Wood, meanwhile, had been writing a brief note, in his turn, directed to the governor of the prison, in which he stated in what manner the accused was to be treated. When concluded, he read it aloud to all present.

"Are you satisfied?" he said.

Not one replied in the affirmative, for they thought it hard that an innocent man should be subject even to an hour's degradation.

"I am, sir," replied George Chason, at last; "for since matters have gone this length, I feel that a full investigation is necessary. I have no wish to return to my house with a whitewashed character. My acquittal must be a full and clear one."

"Spoken like an honest man," exclaimed the magistrate. "You have heard the order I have written to the governor of the prison; now hear the verbal orders I give to the police. You will treat your prisoner," he said, "with all civility and consideration. When you reach the city permit him to walk a few paces in advance of you, so as not to give an appearance of his being in custody."

"Thank you, sir," said the farmer; "I cannot reasonably expect that you should do more."

"Suppose, sir," observed one of the officers, "he should attempt to escape."

"You have your rifles," replied the magistrate, firmly, "and know your duty."

A cart had been procured for conveying the body of the murdered man to Melbourne. And one of the farmers insisted upon George Chason taking his

horse, that he might not have to march before the mounted police. The shame at least was spared him.

The adieu between the prisoner and his friends was a brief one; and the two parties separated.

On their way towards the farm, Dick related the act of probity which the accused had performed in at once offering to put him in possession of the property to which he had no legal, and scarcely a moral claim, seeing that it had been created as much by the skill and industry of George as by the money his former master had entrusted him with.

"There was no necessity," he urged, addressing himself more particularly to Mr. Wood, "to obtain these papers by crime from the murdered man, seeing that he was on his way to deliver them to me; but now, I fear, they are lost forever."

"Were they of importance?" inquired the magistrate, to whom every circumstance which could throw a light upon the motives of the speaker was a subject for consideration.

"They concerned my birth," was the reply.

"And a fine estate as well as a title," added William Giles. "But cheer up, Sir Walter; father and I will sell every acre we possess but we will see you righted. Well as we have got on here, I know that the old man pines for the green fields of Crowhall again, and mother often says that her bones will never rest anywhere but in the churchyard where her relations and neighbors are laid."

"And your pretty cousin," whispered our hero; "what will she say?"

"Haven't asked her yet," replied the young man with a laugh; "but I don't think she'd mind croaking the sea again under your protection."

"And a husband's," added Dick.

"That, of course."

"Gentlemen," said the former, when they arrived within sight of Hope Farm, "the little I have seen of life has convinced me that truth needs neither disguise nor management; it has nothing to conceal—nothing to arrange. I therefore propose that the magistrate, and such of the party as he may select as witnesses, proceed to the house alone, and question both Martha, the sister of the accused, and Crump, the shepherd. I and my friend will remain here with the rest."

"No," replied Mr. Wood; "there is a candor and integrity in every word you utter which convinces me the precaution is unnecessary. I can trust you. Besides, from the intelligence you have shown, your suggestions may prove useful; all I request is," he added, "that no one speaks till I have given permission."

All promised faithfully to observe his directions, and in a few minutes they entered the great kitchen of the farm, where Martha and the domestics were busily occupied in the household work.

"Where is George?" demanded the former, looking anxiously towards the group.

No one answered her.

"Something has happened!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I foreboded this. Dick," she added, clasping her hands, "tell me. I can trust to your word; for even in childhood, it never deceived me. Where is my brother?"

"I'll answer for him," replied the magistrate. "Mr. Chason has accompanied some friends to Melbourne on a pressing affair, and will not return for two days at least. But make yourself easy, he is as well in health as any one present."

"He does not answer me!" murmured Martha, fixing her eyes upon our hero; "he is silent. What have I to learn?"

"Speak to her," whispered Mr. Wood. "It seems she has confidence only in you."

"George is quite well," said the young man; "in health, at least; had any serious danger threatened him, do you think I should have quitted his side?"

"Serious danger!" repeated the woman; "there is danger, then; they have met. Speak—tell me all, whilst I have sense to hear it."

"You must first answer this gentleman," replied Dick, "and then you shall know all."

"Have you a man-servant here named Crump?" demanded the magistrate; "a shepherd, I believe, employed on the run beyond the hills."

"That he is," said a sturdy-looking rustic, rising from his seat by the huge log fire. "What does thee want wi' I?"

"Only to ask a few simple questions."

"Beest thee a lawyer?"

"No."

"Then I'll answer 'ee," exclaimed the man; "but I won't talk to lawyers. I lost more nor I shall ever see again," he added, "by telling one of my affairs, tho' he comed, he said, in a friendly sort of way, and that's why my old woman an I be out in these parts; beent it, old gal?"

"Did you see your master yesterday?"

"Ees, I did."

"And how was he dressed?"

"Dressed!" repeated the shepherd, with a broad grin; "why in coat and breeches, in leggins, to be sure. Doat thou think he comed to the run in petticoats? I may talk to thee, for thee beent't half 'cute enuff for a lawyer."

"Did you see him to-day?" added Mr. Wood.

"Of course I did. How else should I comed up to the house?"

"Had he the same clothes on that he wore yesterday?"

"Ees."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Swear to it," answered Crump. "Thee beest a mortal curious sort of person. Thee don't speak like a tailor, though. What does it signify what clothes master wore? I'll be bound they are all paid for."

Indignant at having been asked, as he considered, so many unnecessary questions, the speaker seated himself once more by the fire, which he began to poke with a sullen, discontented air.

"Are you satisfied?" whispered Dick, to the magistrate.

"Almost," replied the latter, with a smile. "You, I believe," he added, addressing himself to Martha, who was in a state of feverish excitement, "are George Chason's sister?"

"I am

a suspicion rests upon your name; your character stands as fair as ever it did. We have obtained not only indisputable evidence of your innocence, but a clue to the perpetrator of the crime, whom I doubt not, with the assistance of these gentlemen, I shall speedily lay my hands on."

The farmer made a suitable reply. It was impossible not to be satisfied with a reparation so frankly made. "Do forgive me, George," whined the little tailor, sidling up to him. "It wasn't my fault. How could I tell that your sister had given the coat with such remarkably handsome buttons away? and it was the buttons I swore to."

"Given it away!" repeated the farmer, in a tone of surprise; "to whom?" "To her husband, to be sure."

Before George Chason could reply, Dick came up, and, drawing him aside, related all that had taken place at the farm. "Unpleasant as the discovery is," he added, "you must not blame her. It was her sisterly affection, as much as the villain's threats, which induced her to conceal his presence. She trembled at the idea of your meeting with him."

"Blame her," said the brother, with emotion; "poor Martha! how little does she know me yet. It is true, that proclaiming my relationship to a convicted felon may gild my pride; for mine, as you are aware, has been the pride of character—the self-respect of an honest man, and not that of birth. What afflicts me most is the loss of papers, for Amen Corner knew well their value, and, doubtless, found the means of turning them to his own account."

"Since your innocence is established," observed our hero, "I shall scarcely feel the loss. Perhaps it were better for all our sakes to let the wretch escape."

"Never!" exclaimed his hearer, emphatically; "this last crime, coupled with the robbery of the proofs of your birth, place him beyond the pale of mercy. I'll hunt the villain through the colony; his death upon the gibbet," he added, in a tone of bitterness, "cannot disgrace me more than his life has done."

Their conference was broken in upon by the approach of William Giles, accompanied by his father, to whom he had related the discovery of Dick's birth. At first the old man was incredulous, but when he heard that George Chason had been the first to proclaim it, his doubts gave way.

George, as he emphatically declared, was above a lie. If any hesitation remained upon his mind it vanished the instant he set his eyes upon Dick.

"God bless you, Sir Walter," he said; "you are the very image of your father, who was in truth a noble gentleman. Permit an old man who was born upon your lands, and tilled them till the upstart who now holds them drove him off his farm, to assure you that all he has in the world is at your disposal to enable you to establish your rights."

The hero of our tale grasped him warmly by the hand: there was something touching in the simple confidence—the attachment of one who had been so harshly treated, to his case; and he thanked him cordially, but without accepting his generous offer.

"Heaven forbid," he replied, "that the future prospects of my friend William, or the repose of your age should be hazarded on a fortune so adventurous as mine. That I am the heir of the family you lived so long under I religiously believe: but the proofs, alas! are wanting."

"I've heard all about it," exclaimed Giles, drawing the buckle of the belt which girded his portly figure tighter: "that rascal, Amen Corner—always thought and said he was a bad one. But we'll hunt him through the colony—run him to earth like a fox. I've brought Jack and the dog with us. Not much chance of his escape."

"Perhaps it is better that he should," said Dick, earnestly. The old man looked as if he did not comprehend him. "He is the husband of Martha," added the speaker, "the brother-in-law of poor George, to whose fidelity my father owed so much. Should the wretch be taken, and—"

"Hanged," interrupted his hearer; "serve him right." "But consider the disgrace," "Serve him right," repeated the honest English yeoman. "And as for disgrace, I've lived long enough in the world to discover that no man can be disgraced unless by his own bad actions. If I had a hundred brothers-in-law hanged I should hold up my head as high as I do now—higher, perhaps, for I should feel that I merited the sympathy as well as the respect of my fellow-men."

"Nay, but hear me," "All right, Sir Walter; you speak as becomes a real Herbert, full of a nice sense of honor, gratitude, and all that kind of thing; I, like a plain-spoken man, who has only common sense to guide him; so, boy for the felon's chase!" The words were caught up by most of the persons assembled, who began to feel impatient at the delay. By general assent, the conduct of the affair was intrusted to farmer Giles, whose long residence in various parts of the country made him an authority on most subjects.

By his directions the party divided into three distinct bodies, the old man appointed a distinct tract of country to each, and indicated the points at which they were to meet.

Now, then, he said, when all was arranged, "let loose the dogs." The signal was obeyed. For some time the sagacious brutes kept sniffing the ground close to the spot on which the body had lain; occasionally one would utter a low howl, and come to a stand-still.

"It's the blood of the murdered man," whispered George Chason to our hero; "it is almost impossible to baffle their instinct."

Scarcely had he uttered the words than one of the bloodhounds uttered that peculiar deep note which indicates that he has found the scent. It was beautiful to observe the sagacity with which the noble animal pursued the clue, skimming as it were over the ground with his expanded nostrils, and his deep-set eyes flashing fire.

It was George's favorite dog Lover, from Hope Farm; its companion Liss speedily joined in the pursuit, which was sufficiently slow to enable even those who were on foot to keep the animals in view.

"What think you?" asked Dick, of William Giles. "That your old persecutor Amen Corner's chance of escape is not worth much. If the dogs are really on his track, they will follow him to the death."

"Poor Martha," sighed his friend. "The last trial is at hand; she will never survive the disgrace."

Amen Corner had been nearly eight and forty hours the tenant of the living tomb to which his blindness condemned him. His sufferings were intense; if any amount of human suffering without repentance—could atone for his long life of crime, the wretched man had expiated his misdeeds.

Great as were his bodily pains, his mental agony far exceeded them; and when the pangs of hunger and burning thirst were added, he howled with impotent fury, and rolled upon the floor of the cave like a wild beast in pain.

Worst of all was the darkness, which brought him face to face with his seared conscience; darkness haunted by dreams of the past, an eternal night, never to know a morrow, for day and night henceforth to him were the same.

At times he thought of groping his way from his lurking-place into the woods, but the recollection of the crime he had committed appalled him; the hand of his fellow-man, instead of being stretched to assist, would be raised to strike him; the seal of Cain was on his brow, and he who had so long mocked at divine justice, trembled at the idea of his fellow-creatures.

In his despair he called upon his late companion, imploring him to return and not abandon him to his horrible destiny. The dull echo of the cavern seemed to mock him with fendlike mirth.

"Lost!" he muttered; "here and hereafter lost!" For several hours the wretched man had been tormented by a burning thirst, which parched his throat and lips till they felt as if of iron. Suddenly he recollected the bottle of spirits which he had seen Bill take from the flaskure of the rock. He endeavored to recollect the direction, and groping his way towards the spot searched till he found it. Scarcely, however, had he drained a portion of its contents than he cast it from him with a loud yell; his chest appeared on fire.

The fact was, that a strong portion of corrosive sublimate had been mixed with the arsenic which Black Ralph had sold to Spuggins, and the sufferings of the ex-parish clerk were fearful.

"Water," he murmured, "water! oh, for one drop to cool this burning pain!"

His prayer was unheard, and the frantic wretch crept over the slimy floor of the cave in the vain hope of discovering the simple draught he prayed for.

The party which Giles led consisted of his son William, Mr. Wood, the magistrate, George Chason, our hero, the boy Jack, and three or four of the police. The hounds had never once appeared at fault, but followed the scent with that steady perseverance, interrupted by an occasional deep bark, which denotes that they are sure of their prey. At last they arrived at the ravine beneath whose bank the entrance to the cave was situated. Here Liss sprang forward with a peculiar cry and disappeared under the brushwood; Lover followed her.

"Found!" said the old farmer, who had been a fox-hunter in his early days; "found for a hundred!"

"I see no place of concealment," observed Dick. "Ah, Sir Walter," replied the farmer, "you do not know this country. It isn't a bit like old England. It has as many nooks as a honeycomb. Listen," he added, "how the hounds give tongue. Now," he added, after listening a few minutes, "they are silent; rely upon it the murderer is found; dead or living, he is there."

As the dogs did not make their appearance, George Chason and our hero, after some hesitation, determined to ascertain the cause. They descended accordingly into the ravine, and, creeping under the underwood, followed the passage till they both stood within the cave, when an awful spectacle presented itself.

Amen Corner was standing with his back against the side of the cave, and the dogs crouching before him. The sagacious brutes recognized him, and remembering how Martha had restrained them, refrained from doing him harm.

At first they could not recognize him, the features of the felon were so swollen and darkened by the explosion of the gunpowder.

"Who are you?" demanded George Chason. "A wretched man," was the reply. "Call your dogs from me, and let me die in peace."

By this time Dick had lit a torch. Raising it to the visage of his old persecutor he exclaimed, "We cannot be mistaken; it is Amen Corner; and in the very coat which Martha gave him. Wretched man," he added, "what demon prompted you to stain your hands with blood?"

"Who said I murdered him?" faltered the felon. "It's a lie; I am blind, I could not see to shoot him."

"You hear," whispered George. "I know you," continued the assassin. "I can't see your features, but I feel that you are near me; you are George Chason, my wife's brother—the man who struck me in the wood at Crowhall; and you," he added, pointing in the

direction from which our hero had spoken, "are the boy I used to punish—who ran away from the poor-house. You see I am not mad yet!"

"You must come with us."

"I won't! I can die here."

"Alone?" said Dick.

"I have lived alone, why should I not die alone?" was the reply. "I know ye both! You want to make me a spectacle for the gaping crowd—to see me on a gibbet; but no, no! a hundred times no. Your malice will be disappointed. I am dying—poisoned—poisoned like a cat by that villain, Spuggins!"

He fell upon the ground foaming with pain and passion, till at last he became insensible.

George and his companion resolved to profit by the occasion to remove him from the place. Much as it revolted Dick to touch him, he so far overcame his repugnance as to take him by the collar, and assist the farmer to drag him out.

Their reappearance was welcomed by a shout from their friends, who began to feel uneasy at their absence.

"I told you the dogs would not fail," observed old Giles; they have him at last. But this can never," he added, regarding the wretched man closer, "be Amen Corner."

"Who names me?" faintly demanded the guilty man, whom the air had partially revived. "What do you accuse me of?"

"Of murder," replied the magistrate.

"False! false! I never took the life of a human being: no one saw me."

"God saw you," exclaimed our hero; that all-seeing Judge who needs no proof, nor witness, nor confession; who reads the heart, lays bare its inmost secrets, and works his justice by ways unknown to man. Remember, Amen."

"That in a few days, nay, hours perhaps, you must stand before his awful presence!"

The wretch nestled upon the grass like a wounded snake, and faintly muttered the word "water."

CHAPTER L.

Oh, fallen humanity! where'er is found
Thy prostrate shrine, the place is hallowed ground;
Though laid in ruins, still to thee belong
The tears that fall o'er man's oppressive wrong;
Fresh from our hearts the pining waters roll,
And claim a kindred with each brother's soul.—W. J. BAIRD.

MANY and great as were the crimes of Amen Corner, all ideas of vengeance, all feelings of resentment, vanished at the sight of his sufferings, as he lay writhing on the ground, like some crushed reptile whose fangs had been drawn, incapable of inflicting further injury, sensible only to the agonies which wrong him. The sight of the murderer was forever gone, the windows of his soul darkened; to him the face of nature, the roseate blush of morning, noon's glorious beams, and evening's changeable hues were henceforth a blank—existence a solitude. The punishment of sin had overtaken him.

But for the indication which his dress afforded, neither George Chason nor our hero could have recognized him. Vainly might the eye of affection, or the searching glance of hate, have sought in the swollen, distorted features of the wretched man some traces of the lineaments engraved upon the memory; the explosion had wrenched the orbs of sight from their bleeding sockets, and the thick, bubbling lips could scarcely articulate the words, "Water! water!"

Most of those around turned from him with disgust; some few with pity. "Water! water!" he repeated.

The feeling of loathing and aversion with which Dick regarded him gave way at the sight of his sufferings; he forgot the inhuman treatment he had experienced at his hands, the cruel blows, the hard fare, the still harder words—and borrowing a drinking-horn from one of the colonists, he filled it from a neighboring spring, and held it to the lips of his fallen enemy, now powerless to hurt him.

"Thanks," murmured the wretch, after he had drained it; "thanks." Not content with this act of humanity, his former victim steeped his handskerchief in the cooling stream, and bathed his swollen features.

"Would I were dead!" groaned Amen; "would I were dead! there can be no torments hereafter to equal what I feel!"

"God has been merciful," said our hero, for the first time breaking silence. "He has given you time for repentance. What would have been your fate had he called you without one moment's warning to his awful presence. Repent," he added; "atone! The mercy of heaven is as boundless as its justice is unerring."

At the sound of the speaker's voice, Amen Corner half raised himself from the ground, and trembled violently.

"Your name, your name!" he exclaimed. "I cannot see your features, but I know that voice. But I need not ask; 'tis his I hated when I was a child; his whom I hate still."

"And yet I never gave you cause," answered Dick, unmoved at his monstrous ingratitude.

"Not content with this act of humanity, his former victim steeped his handskerchief in the cooling stream, and bathed his swollen features."

"That's George Chason's voice," shrieked Amen, "who beat me like a cur in the wood at Crowhall. He, too, here! May the fiend possess you both, strike you with blindness like mine, wither your strength, beggar ye, beggar ye!"

"The heir of Crowhall," he muttered, after a pause of agony; "the heir who cannot prove his claim; I have taken care of that. The heir who never will possess one acre of his heritage, unless it be six feet of earth in which to bury him."

These words, uttered with difficulty, and at intervals, were broken by a sardonic laugh, as if the speaker, in the midst of his own torments, found consolation in reflecting on the bitter disappointment the disappearance of the papers must inflict upon our hero.

All who had witnessed Dick's humanity, shuddered at the imprecations which the wretched man heaped upon him. Mr. Wood, the magistrate, felt so indignant that he at once gave orders for his removal to the prison at Melbourne.

"Send me there!" shouted Amen, in a tone of defiance; "send me there! but I defy you to keep me a prisoner. I am dying," he added, "poisoned! poisoned! like a rat, a dog—a—"

The convulsive spasms, accompanied by foaming at the mouth, which followed, convinced his hearers that for once in his life he had spoken the truth. "It is useless," observed a young surgeon, who fortunately formed one of the party, "to attempt to remove him; he has not more than an hour to live."

On hearing this, the wretched man began to howl and writhe in impotent fury and despair, calling alternately for vengeance on Bill Spuggins, who had abused and him, and cursing those who had succored him. The excitement brought on the devouring thirst again, and he once more called for water to drown the burning fever which was consuming him.

Despite the imprecations which his former enemy had heaped upon him, our hero would once more have borne the cooling draught to his parched lips had not the magistrate interposed.

"Not a drop," he said, "while he remains thus obdurate."

"I burn!" shrieked Amen. "My heart is on fire!"

"The pains you now endure," observed Mr. Wood, "are pleasures compared to the torments which await the impenitent man who dies glorying in his crimes."

"Water!" groaned the dying ruffian, in a husky voice; "water! water!" "I cannot endure to witness agonies," exclaimed Dick, placing the horn, which he had replenished, to his lips.

His oppressor drained it to the last drop, and sank back with the listless air of one suddenly relieved of great pain.

"He defends me," he murmured, in a subdued tone. "It is the humanity of our common nature that I defend," observed the young man. "You are dying. I see the suffering fellow creature, not the criminal."

"Amen Corner," said Mr. Giles, advancing to his side; "I remember thy father well. He bore an honest name; not a neighbor but loved him. When he died, and they bore the white-haired old man to his last resting-place in Crowhall churchyard, even the children followed him: I have seen them in their play turn aside rather than tread upon his grave. His end was peace. He was gathered in the fulness of years, in confidence and hope, to another and a better world. O could he see thee now!"

"Don't speak of him! Who are you? Let me die in peace!"

"In peace, and thy bad deeds against this noble boy unrepented—unatoned! in peace, with the blood of a fellow creature on thy soul—these must be dreaming men; there can be no peace in such a death!"

Amen rolled upon his side and groaned heavily.

"Who are you?" he groaned, after a pause.

"I was the friend of thy father," replied the former speaker, "and would have been thine had thy ways been my ways. My name is Giles."

"Of the Home Farm?"

"I was the tenant of the Home Farm till he who robbed the rightful heir of Crowhall of his heritage, drove me from it by his exactions," answered the farmer. "How Roderick Hastings will smile," he added, "when he hears that Amen Corner died in a foreign land, faithful to the fiend who tempted and abandoned him. But die as thou wilt, poor wretch, thou canst not defeat the designs of Providence; they defy thy malice and thy cunning. The hour of retribution is sure to strike at last."

—there; I can breathe more freely now. First, I shot Mr. Cusack. I had no wish to take his life, but the fool recognized me—called me by my name. I am an escaped convict; my liberty was at stake; so I sent a bullet through his heart."

"And the papers?" inquired Mr. Wood.

"Bill took them from me when he plundered me of the money my wife had given me to quit this cursed land with, and left me in the cave. Hunt him with your bloodhounds as you did me; he can't escape you. Oh! that I could live to hear that he was taken and hanged—hanged! I should not so much mind death then."

"And what did those papers contain?" demanded Farmer Giles.

"The certificates of Walter Herbert's marriage, and the birth of his son. Cusack stole them from Dr. Gore; Roderick employed him; so, you see, he was almost as great a rogue as I am, and deserved his fate."

"Who is this Bill you speak of?" asked the magistrate.

"Bill Spuggins—an escaped convict like myself. I trusted him with money to buy food and brandy with. He poisoned the last, and— I am dying!"

"Dick knows him," he added; it was through him he got transported."

"The Manchester pickpocket!" exclaimed our hero.

"Yes. Hang him! hang him! and we are quits."

"Does he know the importance of the papers?"

"Ay! and who to sell them to, if once he reaches England."

"Amen," said Dick, "harshly as you treated me when I was a helpless, friendless child, I can forgive you everything, and bid you die in peace, provided you answer me one question—my father?"

The wretched man turned upon his side and groaned deeply.

"Speak, Amen," added old farmer Giles; "don't die with a lie upon these lips."

"I won't, I won't—but do you think there is any possibility, any hope, that Heaven will pardon me? I don't think so much of shooting Cusack; he was a rascal like myself; but I have more blood upon my soul."

Dick shuddered, and turned exceedingly pale. Twice he essayed to speak—to ask whose blood the murderer alluded to, but his lips refused their office.

"You don't answer," added the speaker; "You think that I am lost here and hereafter. If so, what is the good of confessing?"

"He who judges all," observed the magistrate, "alone can answer that question. Man can measure neither his justice nor his mercy."

"Well, well, it is but one more effort," said the ex-parish clerk, "and all is told. Come nearer to me, Mr. Giles," he continued. "Keep his son from me."

I was apprenticed, as you know, to an apothecary, and obtained a situation in London. Ah! it was an evil day that I quitted Crowhall to seek my fortune, as I thought, in the great city. Drinking, sabbath-breaking and evil company soon destroyed the little remaining good in me. I had not left home more than two years when I became acquainted with Roderick Hastings. He frequented a gaming-house at which I sometimes dropped in, and lost in an hour the hard earnings of a week. Not content with losing my own money, I risked my employer's. That went too! The officers of justice were on my track, for the robbery was soon found out. I had no place to fly to, no friend to advise me. No wonder that I fell."

"But how about young Squire Herbert?" said the farmer.

"I am coming to it," replied the dying man, petulantly; "what a hurry you are in to hear the tale of my crime; but I suppose it's natural. Well, in this state of mind, the devil in the shape of Roderick Hastings found me, and after winding and beating about the bush, he spoke his purpose plainly."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Dick; "should you thus murder my father?"

"He wasn't such a fool," said Amen; "he knew I hadn't the courage. Besides, the tempter was too prudent for that. At the time I speak of he resided in the Temple, in chambers adjoining those of Squire Herbert's; an oaken partition alone divided them. By Roderick's directions I contrived to make one of the panels slide in its frame—"

"It was Roderick, then," interrupted our hero, "who—O villain! villain!"

"You shall hear. Your father was ill, and every evening used to walk in the Temple Gardens, supported by the arm of his young wife. I used to watch them on these occasions. The man you name used to enter the bedroom and substitute the murderous drugs which I provided him with for the medicines."

A groan of anguish, which he could not repress, broke from the lips of our hero.

"The rest is soon told, and my confession ended," resumed Amen Corner. "Squire Herbert's wife—I didn't think she was really his wife then—suddenly disappeared; her husband felt that he was dying, poisoned, as he believed, by the woman he loved. I shall never forget how Roderick and I used to listen, and hear him groan and sob, as he paced the room the livelong night. I did not wait to see the finish of it," he continued; "my employer paid me my price, and I returned with the money to Crowhall, where my poor old father's memory caused me to be elected parish clerk. You know the rest."

The confession appeared of so important a character to Mr. Wood, that the worthy magistrate proceeded at once to reduce it to writing. Fortunately, he had the materials with him necessary for the purpose. No sooner was it taken down, than he read it over to him, and after some difficulty prevailed on him to sign it.

It was attested by all present.

The excitement, which had sustained Amen Corner during the recital of his crimes, yielded as soon as he had accomplished his task; the terrors of eternity began to stare him in the face, and he frantically called on those around him to pray for him.

"Pray that I may live, if only for a week—a day—a few hours more; live for repentance, though in agony. The fire! the fire consumes me! My entrails are ashes—hot, burning ashes! Give me water—water!"

One of the party, thinking to sustain him under the terrible agony he endured, placed a flask of corn brandy to the lips of the suffering wretch, but no sooner had he swallowed a portion of its contents than he uttered a shriek so shrill and piercing that the woods echoed back the cry, as if in mockery of his pangs.

"Fool! fool!" he said, as he rolled upon the ground; "fool to be gulled by words of pity. Mock on! mock on! I shall at last escape the gibbet. Ah! I disappoint you there. Roderick, Bill, Dick; I curse you all! May each hunt the other to his ruin and disgrace. Martha, my wife—the felon's wife—where is she? Bring her to me; place her within my reach, whilst I have strength to strangle her!"

The frantic wretch in the midst of his torments extended his long bony arm, as if to grasp his victim. The dogs, startled by his loud cries, set up a deep howl. Amen shrank at the sound, and his voice became weak as a child's.

"Keep them off—keep them off," he whispered, imploringly; "do not let them rend me. I am blind. Have you no humanity? Where is Giles? he was my father's friend. I shall be torn piecemeal—"

"They shall not harm you," said the old man.

"Liar! you tell me so! you who spoke of heaven, pity, and repentance—you say they shall not harm me, when I feel their fangs on my throat—my chest—they gnaw into my heart. But I will not die without a struggle; I am strong—strong still."

The murderer, who, in his delirium, evidently mistook the pangs caused by the corrosive poison for the teeth of the bloodhounds, started to his feet, and commenced struggling desperately with his imaginary foes. His agonies seemed to give him more than human strength; several times he caught up huge fragments of quartz and granite, with which the ground was strewn, and hurled them to a terrific distance. It became dangerous to approach him.

One of these missiles struck a man who was holding back one of the dogs on the side, and he fell back senseless.

There was a cry of horror, for all foresaw what must inevitably follow. The noble brute no sooner found itself at liberty, than it sprang forward with a powerful bound, and in an instant its fangs were deeply set in the throat of the assassin, who attempted to fly, dragging the bloodhound with him. After a few paces he fell, and the struggle was renewed upon the ground.

"Shoot the dog!" exclaimed Dick; but not a gun was raised, and before he could procure one himself to end the horrible scene, Amen Corner uttered one loud despairing cry, and yielded up his breath.

On hearing the call of its master, the hound, with a deep savage growl, quitted the throat of its victim, whose life was extinct.

George Chason and Dick agreed to meet Mr. Wood at Melbourne, to which place the body was to be removed. It was of the utmost importance that inquiries should be set on foot to trace Bill Spuggins, and if possible recover the papers. A vessel was so sent the following morning, and fortunately there was yet time.

"I will use every means," said the magistrate, as he bade them adieu, "to prevent the flight of the ruffian. But unfortunately, in a country like Australia, the means of defeating justice are only too numerous."

And with this observation they separated.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIBUNE'S POLITICAL FIGURES.—The Tribune, which for several days has been on an elaborate survey of the Presidential field, finishes with the following resume:

For Fremont: Votes. Buchanan: Votes. Fillmore: Votes.

Maine..... 8 Virginia..... 15 Maryland..... 8

N. Hampshire.... 5 North Carolina 10 Kentucky..... 12

Massachusetts... 13 South Carolina 8 Louisiana..... 6

Rhode Island.... 4 Georgia..... 10

Connecticut..... 6 Alabama..... 9 Total..... 26

Vermont..... 5 Mississippi.... 7

New York..... 25 Florida..... 3

Ohio..... 23 Texas..... 4

Michigan..... 6 Arkansas..... 4

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF MERCY IN GRANADA, NICARAGUA.

THIS fine old ruin of the church of Our Lady of Mercy is particularly interesting just at this moment, from the fact that it is connected with the ceremonies which confirm Gen. Walker as President of Nicaragua. The church is by the inhabitants looked upon as one of the curiosities of Granada. By its large size it covers a considerable area immediately in the rear of the plaza. It gives evidence of having once been beautiful in point of architecture and internal adornment. Even now its massive and time-worn ruins present an impressive and picturesque ensemble, when viewed from the Indian village at the base of Momobacho, or from the winding pathway which leads to the road to Leon. The accompanying picture, sketched by our own artist, is a faithful transcript of the scene in all its details.

Upon the solitary turret is to be seen the following inscription, giving the date and particulars of its erection, which, rendered into modern Castilian, reads:

Se empeno esta obra 6 d'Agosto A. D. 1781, y se acabo al 25 de Enero, A. D. 1783, con 32 Vs. Sin la cruz.

Translation: This work was commenced on the 6th of August, A. D. 1781, and finished on the 25th of January, A. D. 1783, with thirty-two workmen, with the exception of the cross.

MOUNT ARARAT, THE RESTING PLACE OF THE ARK AFTER THE FLOOD.

ALMOST in the centre of that portion of the stony ridge of Taurus, which stretches between the southern extremities of the Euxine and Caspian Seas, from a plain of immense extent, rises Mt. Ararat, the spot upon which the ark rested after it had floated upon a world of waters for one hundred and fifty days. Two months, we are told, elapsed from the time of the ark ceasing to float before the tops of the mountains were seen. It must have settled, therefore, upon a peak of such relative height, as to require a considerable time before the lower mount could stand out from the mass of retiring waters, and such is Ararat, being ascertained to rise above the peak next in elevation no less than *three thousand feet*. The appearance of Ararat, standing apart from the other mountains of its chain, rising from a plain as level as the ocean to the height of fifteen hundred feet above Mount Blanc, and crowned with snow, is one of the most imposing sights in the world.

"I beheld Ararat," says Sir Robert Kerr Porter, "in all its amplitude of grandeur. From the spot on which I stood it appeared as if the hugest mountains in the world had been piled upon each other, to form this one sublime immensity of earth, and rock, and snow. The icy peaks of its double heads rose majestically into the clear and cloudless heavens; the sun blazed brightly upon them, and the reflection sent forth a dazzling radiance equal to other suns. This point of the view united the utmost grandeur of plain and height; but the feelings I experienced while looking on the mountain are hardly to be described. My eye, not able to rest for any length of time on the blinding glory of its summits, wandered down the apparently interminable sides, till I could no longer trace their vast lines in the mists of the horizon; when an inexpressible impulse,

immediately carrying my eye upwards again, refixed my gaze on the awful glare of Ararat; and this bewildered sensibility of sight being answered by a similar feeling in the mind, for some moments I was lost in a strange suspension of the powers of thought."

Mr. Martyn, descending into the plain of Nackshan, describes his attention as arrested by the appearance of a hoary mountain opposite, rising so high above the rest, that they sank into insignificance. "It was truly sublime; and the interest it excited was not lessened when, on inquiring its name, I was told it was Agri or Ararat. At four in the afternoon we set out for Shuror. The evening was pleasant; the ground over which we passed was full of rich cultivation and verdure, watered by many a stream, and containing forty villages, most of them with the usual appendage of gardens. To add to the scene, the great Ararat was on our left. On the peak of that hill the whole church was contained; it has now spread far and wide, even to the ends of the earth, but the ancient vicinity of it knows it no more. I fancied many a spot where Noah, perhaps, offered his sacrifices; and the promise of God, that seed-time and harvest should not cease, appeared to me more exactly fulfilled in the agreeable plain in which it was spoken than elsewhere. Here the blessed saint landed in a new world; so may I, safe in Christ, outride the storm of life, and land at last on one of the everlasting hills."

ANNIHILATING SPACE.—A railway is to be constructed from London to Calcutta, which will bring those places within seven days of each other. If any one had predicted fifty years ago that this journey would be made in seven days, he would have been considered a proper subject for a "strait waistcoat." The plan has been submitted by Mr. Macdonald Stephenson, who proposes to make it direct without any interruption, save at the Straits of Dover and Bosphorus, and to complete it in ten years.

STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

Something very strange is reported to have occurred on Pea Ridge, in Lincoln county Tenn., a few weeks ago. A horse and plow—so the story goes—which a farmer was using in his field, sank and disappeared in the earth, leaving a hole to which no bottom has yet been found, and into which the farmer himself came near falling. His neighbors were called to the place, who, by means of ropes, let him down in search of the horse and plow to the depth of forty or fifty feet, but the further he went the larger the hole appeared, and he called to his friends to pull him up which they did. Several unsuccessful attempts were afterwards made to fathom the hole. The horse and plow have "gone the way of all the earth."

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.—A fearful story was reported to us yesterday, which we should not repeat if it did not come to us from very good authority, and in such a way as leads us to believe it entirely correct. It seems that in some of the border counties of Maryland there is a patrol established to prevent the escape of slaves. A few days ago two men belonging to this patrol were walking along, when they met with a negro whom they accosted, asking where he was from. He replied, naming a well known place. One of the gentlemen questioned him further, and for a reply the negro suddenly drew a weapon, and, with a back-handed blow, severed his inquisitor's head from his body! The headless trunk dropped on the road. The surviving man's first impulse, after the shock, was to pursue the negro, but he

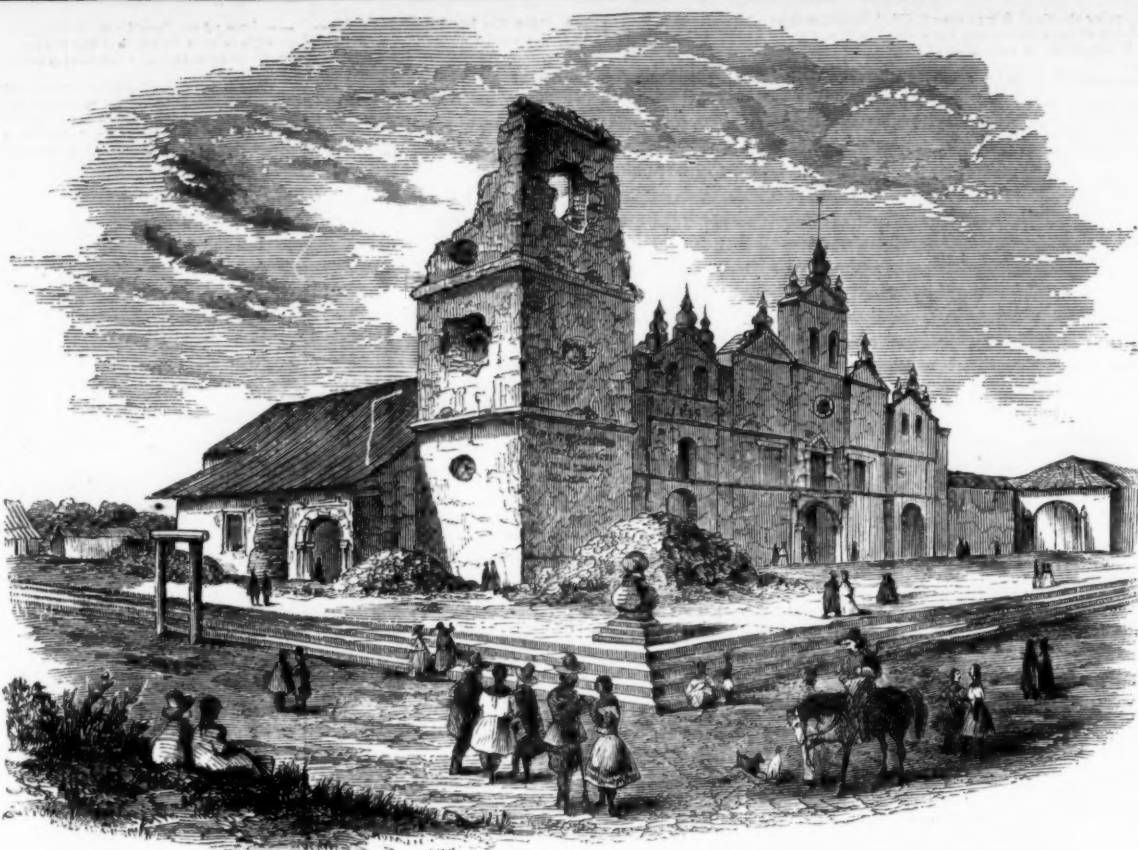
gave up the chase, and the negro escaped. A bowie-knife and a revolver were found upon the person of the dead man. The scene of this reputed tragedy was in Cecil county, near the head of Sasfras river. The Maryland people have published nothing about it, as it is considered more prudent to keep quiet about all such things.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF A MURDERER.—Fox, who is under sentence of death in New Brunswick, N. J., for the murder of Mr. Henry, of this city, made an unsuccessful attempt to break his irons and escape, a few days since. Since his sentence, he has been chained by his ankles to the floor of his cell, and a vigilant watch has been kept over him. He managed by some means, however, to obtain a file, and had so nearly filed off his irons, that a few minutes more would have severed them when a favorable opportunity for escape arrived. New irons were placed on his feet, and handcuffs upon his hands.

The Windsor Herald states that last week, when the eastern bound train on the Great Western railway was near to Thamesville, about sixty miles from Windsor, two shots were fired at the engine-driver, but fortunately missed the object in both instances. The driver is not aware that he has, on any occasion, given offence to any one; but it is supposed that as four head of cattle were killed two or three days previously, near the same spot, the shooting may have arisen from that cause.

A man named James Semmes was shot dead in Georgetown, D. C., last week, by Bernard Magee, while engaged in cutting down the Democratic pole, of which the latter was temporarily placed in charge. Three shots took effect, but only the last proved fatal.

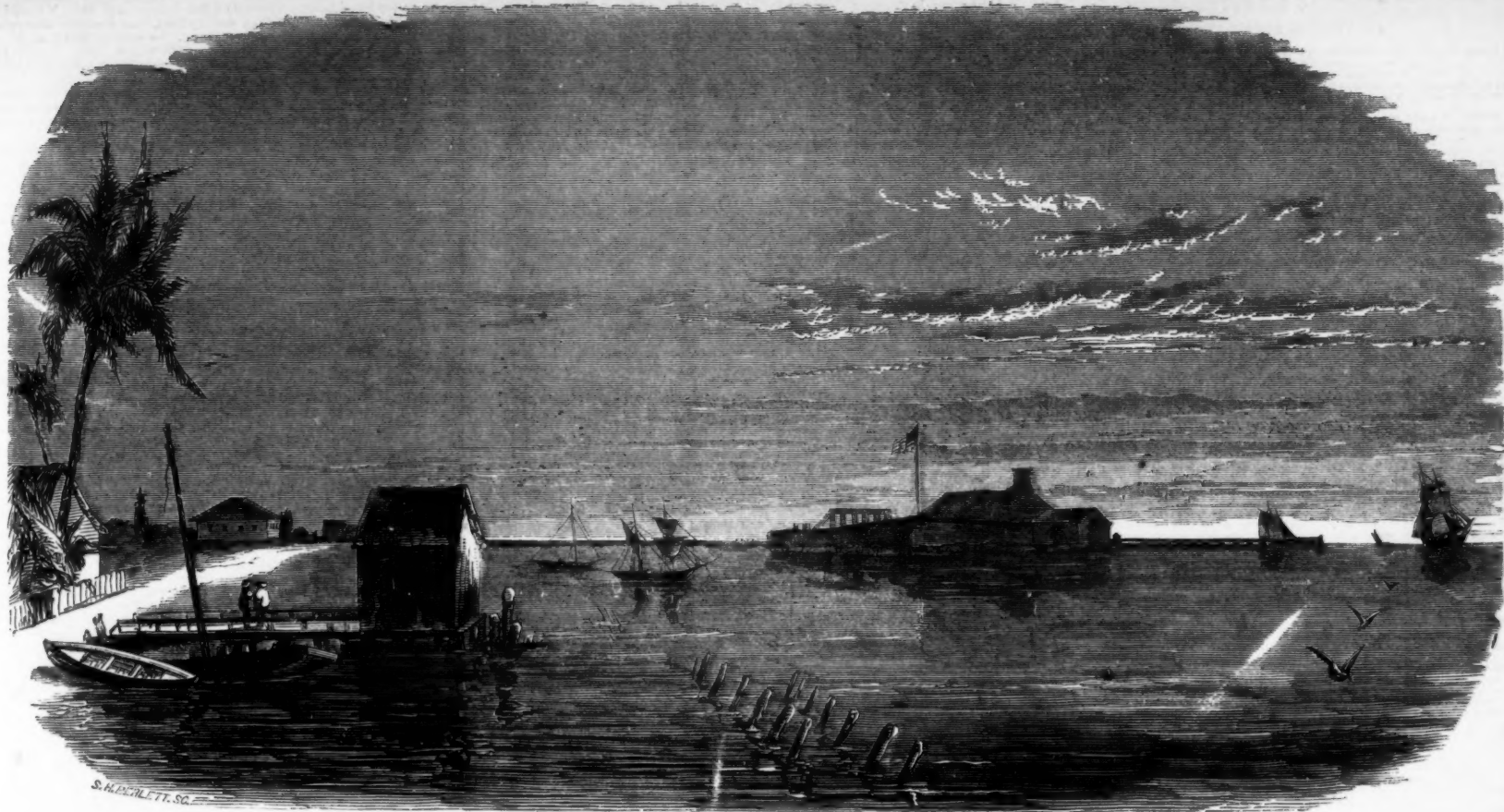
A portion of the Whig State Central Committee met last week at Albany and resolved in favor of Fillmore. They called a convention at Albany on the 14th of August to send delegates to the proposed National Convention in Baltimore on the 3rd Wednesday of September.



CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF MERCY, GRANADA, IN WHICH GEN. WALKER WAS SWORN IN AS PRESIDENT OF NICARAGUA.



MOUNT ARARAT, THE RESTING-PLACE OF THE ARK AFTER THE FLOOD.



KEY WEST, UNITED STATES FORTIFICATIONS, FLORIDA.

UNITED STATES FORTIFICATIONS, KEY WEST, FLORIDA.

THE city of Key West is a port of entry and the county seat of Monroe, and is situated on the island of the same name. It is the most populous town in the State, and occupies an important position as the key of the Florida Pass and the Gulf of Mexico. The principal business of Key West is derived from the salvages and other perquisites of wrecked vessels which amount to over \$200,000 annually. Some thirty to fifty vessels are wrecked every year in the vicinity. The entrance to the harbor is defended by Fort Taylor, a large and costly structure, and one of the very best fortifications in the whole country. Visitors to this section—and there are many seeking health in the mild climate of the tropics—are struck with the imposing appearance of the Key West fortifications, particularly at sundown, when the heavens are illuminated by golden tints, which form a Rembrandt effect when contrasted with the dark frowning walls of the fort. Our artist has been most happy in securing the beautiful repose, and yet catching the sublime peculiarities. No views on any sea coast, not broken by towering headlands, can be finer than those in and about Key West fortifications.

INHABITANTS OF KERRY-REDINTZ CARRIED AS SLAVES INTO THE EGYPTIAN PROVINCES.

IN spite of the civilization of the present century, slavery in its worst form exists in many countries, which, from their isolation, escape with comparatively little notice. We all know what is doing in Cuba and many of the West India islands, and in Brazil; but the cruelty and the magnitude of slavery among many nations of the East are hardly thought of, and, consequently, seldom condemned. In the spirited picture representing the inhabitants of Kerry-Redintz being carried into bondage, we have an illustrative example

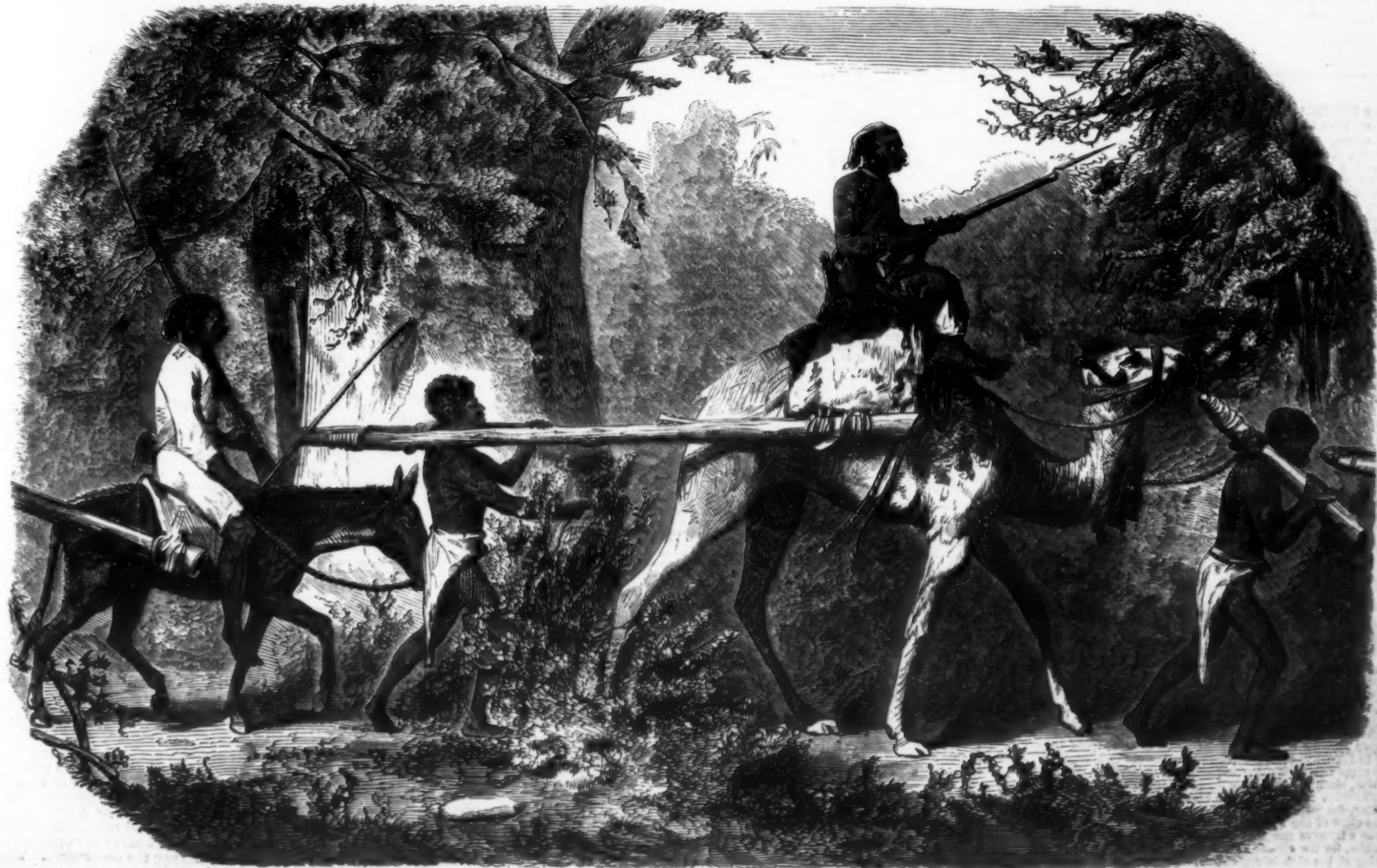
of the evils to which we allude. We here see the more than brutalized soldiers of one of the governors of a distant Egyptian province, who have been turned loose upon some inoffensive tribe, taking to their tyrant master the fruits of their murder and rapine. The poor wretches, who are bound to blocks of heavy timber, and then fastened to the camels or horses of their captors, first witness the destruction of their homes, the murder of their wives and children, and, as a conclusion, they are tortured and driven like wild cattle to a distant country, often to become the tyrants of other hapless victims as miserable as themselves. In the progress of these poor wretches to the homes of their future masters, they often fall dead by the wayside; or, if escaping such a merciful release from their sufferings, the wooden timbers to which they are lashed works its way into the groaning flesh, causing tortures and sufferings which the Christian reader can scarcely imagine. To these horrors are to be added the lash, the prick of the bayonet, a tropical sun, thirst, and the accumulated miseries which seem to crowd upon the unhappy inhabitants bordering upon the frontiers of Egypt, sunk in the lowest depths of barbarism. For thousands of years civilization has been within the reach, apparently, of these benighted regions; but it has made no impression, ameliorated no suffering—they only sink into lower degradation as other nations living in the West improve. Are the defects of these people radical? Are they capable of better things?

AN AMOROUS POLICEMAN.—Mr. Farley, the Chief of Police of Jersey City, created no little excitement at No. 118 Centre street, last week, by attempting to carry off a black eyed beauty of loose morals named Emma Smith, who resides there. The story goes, that the chief became deeply smitten with the girl's charms, and tried to persuade her to go to Jersey City to live with him, but she refused. Becoming desperate, he went with two carriages filled with

his "shadows" and entering her premises, declared his intention to carry her off. He commanded Emma to pack up her clothes; but to facilitate business, Farley, as she alleges, crowded them into a small carpet bag, nearly ruining several valuable dresses. At this juncture of the case information of what was going on reached the Sixth Ward station house, when Lieut. Feirly, then in command, went to the cellar designated, and finding Emma, took her to the police station, when she entered a complaint against Farley, and he would have been arrested, but the girl was induced to withdraw it. Farley is married and has a family. It is but fair to add that Mr. F. denies the soft impeachment, and states that he merely went to release the girl from the procuress, who would not give up her effects, and that his services were asked only in a professional way.

ATTEMPT OF A WOMAN TO KILL HER HUSBAND AND THEN HERSELF.—Just before going to press, we learn that an hour or two since a woman attempted to take the life of her husband, Mr. Chas. Hedges, residing on Smith street, in the lower part of this city. It seems that Hedges and his wife had lived unhappily together for a long time, and that frequent quarrels have occurred in consequence of her being jealous of his attentions to other women, and she asserts that this forenoon he packed his trunk for the purpose of leaving her and the city, and taking another woman as the partner of his flight. Infuriated by this belief, when he returned to dinner she attempted to take his life with a knife, inflicting a severe, though probably not fatal wound in the breast, and then attempted to take her own life by cutting her throat, but was prevented by some of the neighbors, who fortunately happened in at the moment. A warrant was issued for the arrest of the woman, and she was placed in confinement to await an examination. It is not supposed that the wounds of either husband or wife will prove fatal.—*Rochester Advertiser*, July 26.

Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe has sailed for Europe. She will bring out her book "On the Influence of Slavery upon the White Population," during her absence, both in England and in the United States.



INHABITANTS OF KERRY CARRIED AS SLAVES TO THE EGYPTIAN PROVINCES.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHAS. CHAS. CHAS.—The Editor would be happy to see any of his chess friends at his residence, No. 47 West Twenty-seventh street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, on Saturday evenings. During the summer vacation he will then "keep open house" to the fraternity, and hold himself in readiness to break a lance with all comers. This invitation is designed to embrace strangers as well as acquaintances.

CHICAGO, July, 1886.
Mr. Editor: U. and I send their best greetings: I. C. U.—us; but please, why "Boh"? Didst thou not remember the past and look by substitution (X. Y. Z. N. U. and "I still live.")
QUEST: Have you a *Jalet* in the tomb of the Capulets, "I. a." our "rag bag"?
 "I like thy wit well, in good faith," (much better than thy problem), and have tried in vain to exhaust the unhappy cause of it; but his doublets turned to clear white paper are this, so, grithes, send a duplicate and you shall have all the counts of the indictment without the omission of a single "aforsaid."

We cheerfully give place to the following communications from the Secretary of the Brooklyn Chess Club, since they will prove of vast service to any player who will pay proper heed to the admonitions contained therein, albeit they are not altogether new.

NEW YORK, July, 1886.
Mr. Editor: Believing that you are particularly interested in the advancement of really ambitious chess amateurs, I send you a few maxims which I originally wrote for my own benefit, and have found them serviceable. Perhaps you may think them worthy of publication.

FERRIS' CHESSE MAXIMS.

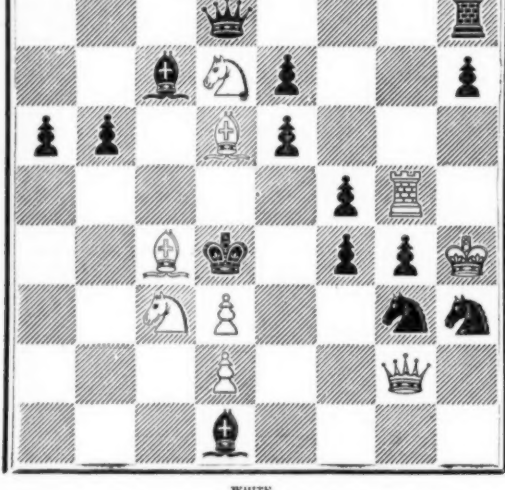
FOR THE PRACTICE OF THOSE AMATEURS WHO ARE AMBITIOUS OF BECOMING REALLY FINE PLAYERS.

1. Never allow yourself to play what is commonly called a "quick game."
2. Always play strictly according to the acknowledged rules and require your opponent to do likewise.
3. Equalize all games, as nearly as possible, by taking or giving odds.
4. When you receive the odds of the "rook" or "knight," from a strong player, change of the place, and pawns, at every fitting opportunity; placing yourself on winning the game by the odds; at the same time watching an opportunity to sacrifice the "piece," and force checkmate. But if you receive the odds of the pawns and two moves, or the pawns and one move, then play to maintain the attack and force the game.
5. If an adversary is possessed with the idea that he is the stronger player, and you hold a contrary opinion, offer to play for a "consideration," to decide the matter.
6. When your opponent is so unreasonable as to decline taking proper odds, bring the "consideration" to play as soon as you can.
7. Never under-rate, in your own mind, an adversary's strength, but endeavor to consider every game you play as a *dead match*, and govern yourself accordingly.
8. *Play always to win*, desiring "quarter" from no one, nor living any.
9. Never allow an advantage gained to influence you to play carelessly, but finish off the game in the most direct and masterly manner possible, unless your opponent elects, of his own free will, to resign.
10. Do not allow a trifling loss, or disadvantage, to alarm you, but remember that a game is neither lost nor won until the final checkmate.
11. When there is obviously a good move for you, search the board for a *better one* before you play.
12. Do not allow your opponent's remarks, or violent manner of moving, to disconcert you; or, some, even inferior, players will frighten you out of the game.
13. If you are satisfied that you cannot win the game, turn your attention to drawing it, but do not be too wise as to inform your adversary of your intention.
14. Do not be too ready to resign, because "the ending" is generally the most instructive part of the game.
15. When you are a "looker on," never, under any circumstances, make remarks in relation to the game, unless appealed to by the players, nor lose your temper when others interfere in your own game, but merely enter a good-natured protest against a continuance of the interruption.
16. When asked how you play, in comparison with others, under-rate your own game rather than the reverse, as you thereby divest yourself of much responsibility, and can better afford to be beaten.
17. Never give it out that you can "beat" so-and-so, but leave him and others to find it out for themselves.
18. "Last thought not least"—Never allow success, nor defeat, to influence your manner, but, at all times, practice the utmost impartiality.
19. **POSITIVE VERDICT.**—Your note is received and will be handed to the party most interested. We desire to say to you—and all other correspondents—that letters sent direct to Mr. Leslie or to his care, will reach us one or two weeks sooner than when individually addressed. We keep no P. O. box and do not always think to look at the advertised list of letters. Another word in your ear, Mr. P. V.: It is much easier to criticize than construct—much easier to tear down than build up. This is worth remembering, although "The wretch that fired the Ephesian dome, Outlives, in fame, the pious fool who reared it."

You are good at both, but sometimes make mistakes. *Verb. sup. est.*
 Our New Brunswick correspondent is informed that his game does not come quite up to our standard. If he will study the *Algebra* gamut proper (where the Kt is played to the Kt's 5 at the fifth move) in Staunton's Handbook, he will see how incorrectly both the attack and defence were conducted. At the 25th move white overlooked an obvious mate.

"WELLER's" charming letter and our reply thereto are unavoidably crowded out.

PROBLEM XXXV.—By I. S. LOYD. White to play and mate in five moves.



GAME XXXV.—In a match between Messrs. THOMPSON and FERRIS, both of the New York Chess Club.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. T.	Mr. P.	Mr. T.	Mr. P.
1 P to K4	P to QB4	21 Kt takes R	R to Q Kt sq
2 K Kt to B3	P to K3	22 Q to QR6	Q to Q3
3 P to QB3	Q Kt to B3	23 Kt to Q3	R to KB sq (c)
4 P to Q4	P takes P	24 Kt to K5	Q to K3
5 P takes P	P to Q4	25 Q to Q3	P to K Kt3
6 P takes P	P takes P	26 Q to Q3	Q to Q3
7 K B to Q3	K B to Q3	27 Q to KR6	K to K Kt sq
8 Castles	K Kt to K2	28 Q to Q2	K to K Kt2
9 Q Kt to B3	Castles	29 K R to K Kt4	Q to K B3
10 Q B to K3	P to K B4	30 K R to K Kt2 (d)	Q to K3 (c)
11 Q to Q K3	K to K R4	31 K R to K Kt4	Kt to K B4
12 K to KR sq (a)	P to K B5	32 Q R to Q B6	Q to K sq
13 Q B to Q2	Q B to K Kt5	33 P to KR4	Kt takes Q P
14 Q Kt to K2	B takes Kt	34 Q R takes B	P takes R
15 P takes B	K B to Q B2	35 Q takes Kt	R to K B4
16 K R to K Kt sq	Kt to K B4	36 Kt to K B4	K to KR3
17 B takes Kt	R takes B	37 Kt to K B4	R to K4
18 Q takes Q Kt P	Kt to K2	38 Q Kt to K P (ch)	R to K6
19 Q R to Q B sq	B to Kt3	39 Q Kt R (ch)	and white wins (f).
20 B takes P	R takes B (b)		

- NOTES TO GAME XXXV.**
- (a) The student will readily perceive that white would have lost a piece had he captured Q P.
 - (b) This sacrifice is hardly sound.
 - (c) We think B should have taken P.
 - (d) Why not have doubled the rook?
 - (e) This poor queen seems to be dodging about from pillar to post without any fixed purpose whatever.
 - (f) This *perit* was not played with the usual care that forms the leading characteristic of Mr. Perrin's games. However, as he sent it to us, we suppose he deems it worthy of publication, and hence insert it.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXXV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 B to KB7 (ch)	1 K moves
2 K to Q2	2 K moves
3 P to Q4	3 K takes Kt
4 B to K6	4 K moves

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE NEW YORK CHESS CLUB.—This week has decided this protracted struggle in favor of N. Marache, Esq., who is the winner of the match and silver cup. He must therefore be acknowledged as the best player in this city—perhaps in the country—until some one plucks the kingly chess-crown with which his brows are now encircled. As we have already stated—we were thrown out of the contest by the "veteran secretary" Mr. Perrin, who, in turn, has been compelled to acknowledge a defeat. The score ran thus: First game won by Mr. P.; the second and third by Mr. M.; the fourth a draw; the fifth, sixth and seventh won by Mr. P.; and the eighth, ninth and tenth by Mr. Marache. Mr. Perrin bore his misfortune with his accustomed grace, and Mr. Marache wears his blushing honors meekly. Two matches were made up at the close of the 1st game—one between "the Editor" and Mr. Marache, for the winner of the first five games; the other between Messrs. Perrin and Mr. Marache, for the winner of the first eleven games, both to be played at the opening of the club in September. The friends of the respective parties have made considerable wagers on the result. We intend to publish the whole of

the games in the match just concluded, with analytical notes. The result verifies all that we have asserted in regard to the merits and demerits of the two players, which we shall show more particularly when we write the notes to the games. There were quite a number of distinguished chess players from abroad overlooking the terminating game of the match. The greatest good feeling prevailed and several of the party adjourned to drink the health of the victor and help to wash down the chagrin of the loser, in bumpers of "sparkling Catawba."

Concluding Game in the match between Messrs. MARACHE and PERRIN, for a silver cup and the championship of the New York Chess Club.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. M.	Mr. P.	Mr. M.	Mr. P.
1 P to Q B4	1 P to Q B4	14 B takes Kt	14 P to K B4
2 P to K3	2 P to K3	15 B to Q Kt	15 P to K B5
3 P to Q4	3 P takes P	16 Q to Q3	16 P takes B
4 P takes P	4 Q to Q B3	17 Q takes R P (ch)	17 K to B2
5 K Kt to B3	5 Q Kt to B3	18 B to Kt6 (ch)	18 K to B3
6 B to K2	6 K Kt to B3	19 P takes P	19 Kt to K2
7 Castles	7 K B to Q3	20 Kt to R4 (dis ch)	20 Kt interposes
8 Q Kt to B3	8 Castles	21 B takes Kt	21 P takes B
9 Q B to K3	9 P to Q R3	22 Q takes P (ch)	22 K to K2
10 Q to Q2	10 P takes P	23 Kt to Kt6 (ch)	23 K home
11 K B takes P	11 P to Q Kt4	24 Q to K6 (ch)	24 Q interposes
12 B to Q3	12 Q B to K2	25 R takes R. Mate.	
13 Q Kt to K4	13 Kt takes Kt		

NOTE.—We lack space for extended remark, and will only say that we think Mr. Perrin had the better game, until his vaunting ambition overleaped itself and fell short on "tother side" of the chess-board, at the advantage of a dull season, than to any while watching the progress of the game, we fairly started to state that there was a forced mate, in only two moves, at the 25th move of white! This was overlooked by both the contestants until we pointed it out at the close of the game. However, Mr. Marache finished it off in an artistic manner, although his mental vision must have been somewhat obscured. Mr. Perrin might have protected the game somewhat at the 19th move, by playing his B to K B5.

FINANCIAL.

THURSDAY, July 31.

THE amount of daily business at the Stock Exchange fell off materially last week, owing in part, no doubt, to the heat of the weather, while prices declined $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 per cent., and on the leading road stock as much as 2 per cent.; more from the determined purpose and superior nerve of the bears to sell the market down to their own prices, under the advantage of a dull season, than to any outside influence from bank or specie movements. The leading operators for a fall have seldom displayed more game than since the Peace in Europe, and by adroitly turning every domestic event and prognostic to account, they have done much to neutralize the effect of that event, and the decline in the value of money in England which followed, on financial confidence in this country and the supply of foreign capital in Wall Street.

The discount on mercantile paper at bank is now pretty uniform at 7 per cent., thirty to ninety days. A few very choice short bills are taken at 6 per cent. Outside of bank, the bill brokers are taking first class names, not over four months, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Demand loans, on stock collateral, are mostly done at 6 per cent. Several of the leading banks having large means favor the interior for temporary employment in this way.

The foreign trade returns at this port for the week past show a very large importation of foreign merchandise, the general list and the dry goods' return being equally heavy. The two together amount to \$6,333,327, against \$2,650,697 the corresponding week last July, and against \$4,514,707 the same week in 1884. The general merchandise list embraces \$941,552 in sugars; in coffee \$302,855, and in metals \$505,371. The export of domestic produce and miscellaneous goods for the week amounts to \$896,003, against \$865,715 the corresponding week last year. The export of specie, including \$687,000 by the French packet *Fulton*, on Saturday, July 26th, amounts to \$1,978,771, against \$1,583,747 the same week last July. There is every probability of the specie shipment continuing active, even in the face of lower rates of exchange.

The steamer *Illinois*, from Aspinwall, with the California mails and treasure shipment of July 6th, arrived at this port, July 27th. Her manifest shows a total in gold of \$1,649,800, and in specie, \$10,000 for Panama. The Panama mail in addition, \$376,085, and \$10,000 for Panama. The civil commotion at San Francisco continues, but appears not to have affected materially the money market, which is quoted favorably by the *Shipping List*, nor the income or shipment of gold dust. There was deposited for coinage at the Branch Mint in the month of June, 198,678 ounces, of the value of three and a half million dollars. The Mint coined during the month, \$3,036,300, of which \$2,930,000 was in double eagles, and stamped \$634,011 in unparted bars. Bars were in demand at par for the 800 fine and $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. premium for the 800 fine. The shipments of gold from San Francisco for the six months ending 30th June, reach \$23,999,205, against \$18,999,290 for the corresponding half year of 1885. The anthracite coal trade keeps up very well. The shipments by the *Lehigh* Navigation are for the week ending on Saturday last, 45,967 tons, and for the season, 503,293 tons. The Reading railroad brought down for the week ending on Thursday last, 48,545 tons, and for the year, 1,186,180 tons—against 1,208,442 tons to this date last year. The Schuylkill navigation reports shipments for the week at 31,234 tons, and for the season 526,382 tons against 531,068 tons to the same time last year. The tonnage of the road, it will be seen, is 112,262 tons less than last year, and the canal 4,556 tons less, making the aggregate loss from the Schuylkill region, as compared with last year to same time, 116,918 tons.

The weekly bank statement shows a further expansion of loans to the extent of about half a million, the aggregate having now reached \$111,346,000. The specie line in the mean time shows a decrease of \$1,400,000, which, though less than was generally anticipated, is still large enough to demand the attention of bank officers, who are carrying out the present expansion. The gold from California just received will, it is true, more than make up the deficiency, and should the foreign shipments fall off, as there is just now some appearance of their doing, the specie reserve may run up again; but it is more probable that the shipments will continue and be sufficient with the Customs' payments, to gradually reduce the reserve to \$10,000,000. The deposits show a nominal decrease of \$3,500,000. The principal loss of specie has been by the Merchants, America and Commerce. The loss of deposits has been quite general, but mainly with the banks, having large numbers of city accounts. The comparison with the last week is as follows:

	Loans.	Specie.	Circulation.	Deposits.
July 19.....	\$110,875,494	\$15,326,131	\$8,346,243	\$95,932,105
July 26.....	\$111,346,589	\$13,910,848	\$8,386,285	\$92,365,040
Increase.....	\$471,095		\$40,042	
Decrease.....		\$1,415,283		\$3,567,065

THE NEW CENT.—The director of the Mint proposes that the new cent shall be eighty-eight parts copper and twelve nickel. This will make a coin of a dark reddish color. It is to weigh seventy-two grains, less than half the present cent, which is 108 grains.

THE MARKETS.

THURSDAY, July 31.—Cotton.—There is no change to notice; everything is in an inoperative state, caused by the extreme heat and the adherence of holders to their former pretensions. We repeat the basis of last sales as follows: Ordinary Uplands 10, do. Florida 10, do. Mobile 10, do. N. O. and Texas 11; Middling Uplands 11, do. Florida 11, do. Mobile 11, do. N. O. and Texas 12; Fair Uplands 12, do. Florida 12, do. Mobile 12, do. N. O. and Texas 13.

Offer.—The recent extensive purchases, together with the oppressive heat, has given a pause for a moment to the animation in Rio descriptions. Prices continue as before. The sales are Rio at 14c, Java at 14c.

Flour and Meal.—The inquiry for Western Canal Flour is less active, and to effect sales of the low grades, holders submitted to a decline of 5c. per barrel. After the receipt of late arrivals from Europe by the "Indiana" and "America" at Quebec, there was more firmness apparent. The arrivals are fair; the sales are at \$5.95 to \$6.15 for common to good State; \$6.20 to \$6.45 for extra State; \$6.50 to \$6.75 for superfine, Indiana and Upper Lake; \$6.80 to \$6.95 for common to good superfine Ohio; \$6.95 to \$7.10 for common to fair brand extra Ohio; \$7.10 to \$7.25 for fair to very good extra Ohio; \$7.25 to \$7.40 for extra Genesee; and \$7.40 to \$7.60 for St. Louis brand. Canadian Flour is in moderate request and is steady at \$6.40 to \$6.55 for superfine, and \$6.55 to \$6.70 for extra brand. Southern Flour is hardly so firm; the supply is better for new. We notice a very handsome article in the market from "Hope Mills," Petersburg; it is far ahead of last year's flour. The sales are at \$7.40 to \$7.50 for mixed to good standard brands Baltimore, Alexandria, &c., and \$7.50 to \$7.60 for fancy and extra brands, new and old. Rye Flour is steady; sales at \$5.75 to \$5.85. Corn Meal is steady at \$1.25 for Jersey, and \$1.30 for Brandywine.

Grain.—There is less doing in wheat, owing to the intense heat of the weather, but prices are well sustained; the sales are Red Missouri at \$1.45 to \$1.52; White Canadian at \$1.75 to \$1.82; Canadian Club at \$1.60; Red Indiana at \$1.60; fair White Illinois at \$1.70; Red do. at \$1.55 to \$1.62; new White Canadian at \$1.75; \$1.80; common White Wisconsin at \$1.55; and Chicago Spring \$1.38. Rye is firm; sales of Northern at 66c. Oats are in steady demand at 43 to 44c; for State, 44c to 45c; for Western. Corn is in good demand for the Eastern trade and for local use; sound is not plenty—sales at 56 to 61c. for Western mixed, 66c. for Southern yellow, and 70 to 80c. for do. white.

Holstein.—Very little is doing; the stock, except the moderate supply of Cuba Mascardo, is reduced to a mere cypher; prices are very firm.

Provisions.—The inquiry is light for Pork, and the market is heavy for Mess and easier for Prime. The arrivals are fair; sales at \$20.50 for Mess, \$17.50 for Prime Mess, and \$17.25 for \$17.50 for Prime. Beef is firm; the low grades quite nominal; the demand is limited; sales at \$7.50 for Prime, \$8.25 to \$8.50 for Country Mess, and \$9 to \$11 for Repacked Mess; Prime Mess B. of and Beef Hams are unchanged and quiet. Bacon is in moderate request at 15c. for Western. Cut Meats are dull and heavy; small sales of Shoulders at 8c. and Hams at 10c. Lard is firm but inactive; the arrivals are light; sales at 13 1/2c. Butter is in limited demand at 17 to 20c. for State, and 14 to 17c. for Ohio. Cheese is in fair request at 6 to 8c. for common to prime.

Sugar.—A blistering sun prevents the usual dock reconnoitering which is commonly indulged in prior to purchasing landing cargoes; a moderate business has nevertheless been done at full prices; sales mostly Cuba at 7 1/2c. to 8c., and boxes Havana at 8 1/2c.

THE RAPPITE COMMUNITY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE editor of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* writes as follows from the village of Economy, Beaver county, Pennsylvania:

This place was finished long ago. The community or society once numbered 800 souls; they are now less than 300. From one third to one half the houses are tenanted. Neat, comfortable dwellings, both brick and frame, are "voiceless as the grave." Elsewhere in the town all is still enough, indeed, at most hours of day or night, save for the strangers who come to relieve the quietude. After nine o'clock, P. M., not a footfall is to be heard, save when a traveller drops in from the road, or a locomotive snorts by with its rattle and clatter.

At six and a half, A. M., all who hope to eat breakfast must be ready to sit

down at the hotel table. Those who are laggard will have a sound scolding, most surely from "Joseph," the worthy host, who occupies that troublesome post for his share of duty as a member of the society, aided, as far as practicable, by "David," another excellent little fellow, who, in addition to the duties of cutting tailor and barber for the whole community, also helps Joseph at the tavern.

The fashions do not vary much, however, and probably David has not an onerous post as tailor; but I observed with surprise that every grown male member of the community is shaved, at least on Sabbath, though all wear whiskers, great or small.

The community seems to be pretty evenly divided, male and female—the latter almost as hearty in appearance as the former. The society, as you are aware, settled first at Old Harmony, Butler county, in 1805. Finding themselves too far from navigable waters and markets, they removed thence, about ten years afterwards, to New Harmony, on the Wabash river, in Indiana. Here, owing to the unhealthy climate, many died, and the community again removed in 1824-'25 to their present location; having remained at each of the first places chosen about ten years, and here, to the present time, thirty odd years. George Rapp, their beloved leader from Germany, came here with them.

He had adopted a son called Frederick, who also came to this place, and died before his adopted father. George Rapp died in fall of 1847—then in his ninety-ninth year. He had preached more than fifty years; had led his people in all their wanderings, from Germany to their last "promised land" here; and when all was settled hopefully, the community prospering beyond its most sanguine expectations, he prepared to lay down his shepherd's crook, and summoning his people around his window, in the yard of his dwelling, he thence delivered to them his last discourse; and though of age so advanced, and on the grave's verge, his voice was yet strong enough to be heard for half a square. During that same week he died, and lies buried, like all the rest, in the common lot, without even a hillock to show where he lies. Mr. R. L. Baker, a very able and worthy man, succeeded in the spiritual and temporal leadership of the society. More recently M. Henriel, the very intelligent treasurer of the society, has been appointed joint trustee with Mr. Baker.

In the society, as is known, there is a perfect equality in all respects. All are proprietors, all equal in rights and dignity, none are hirelings. The cook at the hotel, who for thirty odd years has occupied that post, David, the tailor, barber, &c., and all, of whatever occupation, stand alike respected. The people are all pleasant and kind, nothing of austerity about them—except on Sunday, and then they appeared truly plain, devout worshippers.

We attended morning service in the nice cool church yesterday. Mr. Baker led the services, with two old men sitting on either side of him in the pulpit. The choir had about twenty-four performers, male and female. Two pianos were in lieu of an organ; Miss Gertrude Rapp played one, and Mr. Henriel the other, the music rather monotonous, but fair. The services were—first, music, singing, &c.; then prayer; then a chapter, sermon, singing, and prayer. For the first prayer, all rose. During the succeeding service preacher and audience sat—in the last prayer leaning forward. On entering the church the men and women came in by different doors and took opposite sides of the house. On leaving, the men sat waiting till all the women had gone out and the coast was clear; then the preacher led out, and the other male people followed. We omitted to say that, at the close of each division of the service, the audience responded "Amen" in what sounds exactly like a sharp quick guttural "ugh!" and rather starts at first. All the men wear blue clothing—all the women blue clothing, with silk caps of exactly the same make and material—as if moulded. The ceiling of the church is arched handsomely, and is also painted blue—bright blue. Blue is "the rage" here, decidedly.

I estimated, pretty accurately, the congregation at 225; the balance of the near 300 were confined at home by their avocations, or by age and infirmity. There are a few young people, and I even saw one infant child whose parents recently joined the community, but the average age of the members is computed to be now over sixty, and some are over ninety; so that death must soon be busy thinning out their ranks. I observed very few tottering steps, but nine tenths of the men are bald, and most of the others gray; the women look more fresh; some wear wigs.

The evidences of decline and decay are manifest painfully, and teach a sad lesson of mortality. Count Leon took away about 300 of the original 800; others left at other times; death has reaped many; and less than 300 remain. The advance of age and decrease of numbers compel a curtailment of occupations. Silk manufacture is, therefore, abandoned; cotton and woollen manufactures are confined now to the little winter work for their own wear; so of tanning and other employments. The museum is gone long ago; their music bands are no longer kept up; even in the harvest fields they must hire help, and reduce the amount of land in cultivation. They have fifty of the finest milk cows I ever saw, and over this spring Mr. Baker purchased a \$500 bull, and eight or nine cows at \$200 each, for improved stock; they have also the choicest varieties of Shanghai and other fowls in thousands; but of sheep, only 200 for mutton; none for wool; of hogs about seventy-five, which are bought for fattening and killing alone each year, as they raise none; of horses, about fifty head for ploughing, &c. Every dumb animal is kindly tended—all are as fat as can be—and neither man nor brute is overtasked.

The people feel independent, and care very little for accumulation at present; hence they labor regularly, but never hurriedly, and the hotel is merely kept up as a matter of public accommodation. They own some 5,000 acres of land, worth say \$100 per acre; add value of town buildings, money, stock, &c., they cannot be worth less than \$2,000,000, I believe. They are kind to the poor; a house is set apart for indigent travellers, where beds are furnished, and supper and breakfast freely given to the wayfarer. They have also kindly received back several trunks, who went abroad in former times, did badly, and returned like the prodigal son. The society has some very active members yet; some very ingenious mechanics, too. They have, within a few years, purchased pine land up the Allegheny, and have a saw mill here, where all kinds of timber are sawed and sold to the neighborhood. They have a cider mill and press, of home invention, which will turn out forty barrels of cider in a day. Grape, currant, and other wines are made in abundance, as also beer, and even whiskey; but drunkenness is unknown among them. Tobacco is not used by a single individual in any way. On the whole, they are a happy and contented, and, I think, a really religious people.

STRANGE CASE OF BREACH OF PROMISE.

AT the Marylebone County Court, England, recently, an action (Redfern against Murray) was brought to recover £10, money lent, which caused no little merriment. Miss Redfern stated that she had been on terms of intimacy with Mr. Murray for five years, and she had now an action pending against him for breach of promise of marriage. He had used her most scandalously. Besides keeping company with her for five years, he at various times got from her various presents. The rings on his fingers and the watch in his pocket were her gifts. She lent him two £5 notes, and when he cooled towards her, she wrote him a letter, demanding her presents and money back, or to fulfil his promise. In reply she got—

Go to Putney on a pig; grease its tail, and the devil won't catch you. (Laughter.) No, no, it won't do. (Renewed laughter.) There is an old border sonnet to your tune:

There was a criminal in a cart
 Agoing to be hanged;
 Reprieve to him was granted;
 The crowd and cart did stand
 To see if he would marry a wife,
 Or otherwise choose to die.
 "Oh, why should I torment my life?"
 The victim did reply:
 The bargain's had in every part,
 But a wife's the worst—drive on the cart.

(Roars of laughter.)
ALEXANDER MURRAY.
 Mr. MURRAY—Woman, lift up your veil, not that I want to see your face, but I should like his Honor to pass an opinion on your frontpiece—(laughter)—and say, whether he would not drive on the cart in preference to marrying you. (Roars of laughter.) Did I not take you to all places of amusement? was not this money expended in it? Now, answer that, you damned old conglomeration of bile. (Roars of laughter.)

MISS REDFERN.—Oh, Sandy, you know I most always paid for my tickets.
 Mr. MURRAY.—Admitting that, who stood Sam in the liquor trade? (Laughter.) Just tell his honor, on your oath, how many little goss you had at the Crystal Palace. (Laughter.) Lord love you, she can toss off a dozen little brandies, and fill both eyes after with the mountain dew. (Loud laughter.) I hope your honor will not order me to pay this money, for I assure you I spent it all down her throat. (Renewed laughter.)

The judge was of the opinion that a gentleman had a bounden duty to stand treat to his lady love, and made an order upon Sandy to pay the debt and costs in two instalments.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE STEAMER

"EMPIRE STATE," OF THE FALL RIVER AND BOSTON LINE.

BY some not yet understood law, accidents of terrible nature seem to run in currents, for let one occur in any part of the Union and it is proverbial that others in quick succession immediately follow. This has been particularly the case in the present "terrible accident term," and following those which filled our paper last week, we now have another of a kindred character, on board of a well-regulated and supposed-to-be-always-safe steamer of the Fall River and Boston line. The

Great Prize Romance.

THE WALL STREET SCHEMER:

OR, THE IRON HEART;

FOUNDED ON INCIDENTS OF ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

BY MATTHEW MAIZE, Esq.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MURDER.

It was just after dusk that Michael Martin, the night watchman of the Bank of England, entered that building for the purpose of commencing his nocturnal duties.

Michael was of Milesian origin—a short, brawny fellow, brave as a lion, honest as a saint, and faithful as a mastiff; therefore peculiarly well qualified for the post which he had held for many years.

On the night in question, as he was going his rounds through the building, he observed with the utmost surprise that the key had been left in the lock of the door that led into the vaults. How to account for this very unusual occurrence he knew not, except that it had been done through the carelessness of the porter, (which indeed was the case,) but he saw the big key very plainly, and not only saw it but handled it.

Michael felt a new responsibility rest upon him now, for there was the entrance to all the treasure open to him. If he had been dishonestly inclined, all he had to do was to turn the key, enter and help himself. Now, such an idea never even entered the faithful fellow's head; nevertheless, he did turn the key, and did enter the vault—why, he scarcely knew himself, unless it was to gratify his curiosity with a sight that he had never seen before, and probably never would see again. Be that as it may, some time between the hours of twelve and one he turned the key in the lock, pushed open the door, and entered the vault.

His lantern shed a bright light around, and he gazed with admiration at the small boxes so carefully sealed up preparatory to being shipped on the morrow. Then he opened a small tin box that contained quite a quantity of gold coins, but as he looked at them he did not even feel a desire to possess them.

In order to obtain possession of the tin box, he had been obliged to climb upon the top of a high chest, and when he had put it back in its place, instead of descending cautiously, he sprang to the floor, and what was his astonishment to find that instead of stopping there, he passed completely through and fell heavily into a black, damp pit.

Picking himself up as quickly as he was able, he found himself in complete darkness, for he had dropped his lantern and it had gone out. Fumbling around, however, he soon found it, and taking a match from his pocket, relighted the lamp.

This done, he looked around him in the utmost amazement. He was in a cavern of some six feet in circumference, excavated immediately under the floor of the vault, and on looking up he perceived that a circular opening, large enough to admit the passage of a man was made over his head, and beneath his feet was the plate that but a moment before had filled up that opening.

Michael was about to draw himself out from this strange pitfall in order to call the aid of the police from without, to assist him in discovering some clue to the mystery, when his eye caught sight of the narrow opening into the tunnel. I have said that he was a stranger to such a thing as fear, so never pausing to consider the unknown dangers he might encounter, he moved on through the opening. Very soon he found he was obliged to resort to his hands and knees in order to proceed, so taking the lantern in his teeth, he pushed on, until after following the passage some distance in this position, it again became of dimensions that permitted of his walking erect.

Still moving on, he found he was ascending an inclined plane, and on a sudden the death-like silence was broken by the muttering of human voices, and he had barely time to take his revolver from his pocket, and raise his lantern to see what was coming, when the wall before him flew open, and he stood confronting the banker and his vile associates.

For the space of a single instant, neither one of the party moved, in fact they appeared petrified; but suddenly recognizing the great banker, (who was a director of the institution he had so strangely left,) surprise caused the stout Michael to do what terror never could have effected. He darted back a step or two, and dropped the hand that held the pistol.

On the very instant there was a sharp report heard, and when the thick white smoke cleared away, the dim light showed the form of the unhappy porter lying prostrate and lifeless over the threshold of the entrance to the tunnel, and Robert Vernon, with the discharged pistol in his hand, bending forward white and motionless.

"By G— that was well done," said Hounslow, who was the first to break the awful silence. "Come, come, rouse yourself," he continued, seeing that the banker still stood statue-like, "we have no time to lose."

The banker looked round very wildly at him for a moment, and then stooping the instrument of death high in the air, laughed a loud, terrible, blood-curdling laugh, as he cried: "Well done, was it? Ha! ha! ha! One would think we had been shooting at a target."

Renshaw, who at the report of the pistol had covered back to the most remote corner of the room, came slowly forward, and as he wiped the cold damp from his brow with a well worn red silk handkerchief, said in an unsteady voice, "I never saw a life jerked before."

"Well, there's nothing like making a good beginning, then," said Hounslow; "so, by way of getting your hand in, just drag that fellow's body further in the vault, or we'll have some of the—d blood staining the carpet."

Renshaw would fain have demurred at this, but the banker, observing his terror, cast upon him a look so full of fearful intent that he obeyed his ruffian comrade, and with trembling hands dragged the yet warm body within the opening of the vault.

"This will interfere with our plans somewhat," Hounslow went on to say, as he threw off his coat. "How will we account for the disappearance of this Irish fool?"

"You shall see! you shall see! I even made preparation for such a catastrophe; though heaven knows, I little dreamed it could occur," answered Vernon. "But now let us to work."

Leading the way with the lantern, the banker entered the subterranean passage, followed by Hounslow and Renshaw, each carrying one of the boxes filled with lead, which were to be substituted for the gold in the bank vault. Coming to the contracted portion of the tunnel, they were obliged to move on their hands and knees, and above the boxes before them; and to prevent their becoming soiled they had laid clean canvas along the entire length of the way.

Reaching the vault, they deposited the lead and returned with the gold, and this they continued until the transfer was made.

"Now," said Vernon, as they stood in the vault, prior to leaving it for the last time, "when they miss the watchman in the morning, something else must be missed also."

"True," answered Hounslow.

"Take that box," continued Vernon, pointing at the one the contents of which the wretched Michael had examined. "When that is missed, will they not suspect at once that their watchman has made off with it for parts unknown? They will put the police after him, and the police will travel far before they find him." He spoke in a calm, cold, calculating tone, and Hounslow rapturously applauded his ingenuity.

They were absent some time on this last visit to the vault, for before returning, they were obliged to replace the iron plate in the floor and refasten it, which they did so firmly and so ingeniously as to defy the closest scrutiny. While they were absent, the secret panel by the banker's desk moved slowly open, and Lucretia, in her male attire stepped cautiously into the apartment. It was pitch dark, for they had the lantern with them; but taking from her bosom a box of wax matches, she lighted one and walked directly across the room to the iron safe; she passed through it, (lighting one match after another as they went out,) and bent over the body of the dead man. She placed her hand over his heart—it had long since ceased to beat; she felt his hands—they were growing cold. "It is enough," she said; my own eyes have seen it," and she turned to depart. As she did so, she struck something with her foot. It was the pistol that had caused the watchman's death. She took it up, and saw Robert Vernon's name engraved on it. Then she smiled one of her dark, unfathom-

able smiles, and hiding the weapon about her person, muttered, "He will think he lost it in the dark tunnel, if he thinks of it at all."

She listened a minute, and heard the sound of their voices; so, passing quickly out by the way she came, she closed the panel softly behind her just as they entered the office.

"Now all we have to do is to dispose of the body," said Hounslow, as they stood around it.

"Drag it to the middle of the passage and there leave it," replied Vernon; "they will search long before they find it there, for to-morrow night we will close up the opening forever."

His two confederates obeyed his orders, and thus was the faithful watchman buried.

Returning, they hurriedly closed the entrance, placed the gold in the safe, which the banker locked, and then one by one departed.

Robert Vernon was the last to leave, and he was delayed some little time searching for his pistol; but being unable to find it, he concluded that he must have dropped it in the tunnel, and as he passed out, the grey dawn began to show itself. Unobserved, however, he moved on, and as he reached Spring street a bright red streak beamed in the far horizon. He shuddered and instinctively looked at his hands. Then he staggered and uttered a low cry; he had not touched the body of the murdered man, yet there was blood upon them.

He hurried on faster than before and entered Lucretia's house and passed up stairs. There was a light burning in the room; Vernon entered on tip-toe, and cautiously approached the bed. Lucretia was lying there apparently wrapped in deep sleep; he did not wake her, but hastily washing his hands and changing his dress, he wrapped himself in a large cloak, (the high collar of which effectually concealed his features,) and leaving the house, hurried on home through the most unfrequented streets.

It was broad daylight when he found himself in his own apartments, (they were entirely separate and distinct from his wife's,) but nevertheless he undressed and threw himself on the bed, but not to sleep.

I could not, if I would, write out the wild thoughts of the murderer, as he tossed to and fro on his bed.

This only will I say, that the bed was of the softest, the linen the finest and whitest; but there he lay, his eyes distended, his impatient hands twitching nervously at the elegant counterpane, while on the stone area beneath his gorgeous portico a beggar was sleeping soundly.

CHAPTER V.—THE BANKER MAKES A DISCOVERY.

I PASS with scarce a notice the sensation caused by the disappearance of Michael Martin, the night watchman, as also the still greater excitement produced by the discovery, some month or six weeks later, of the fraud that had been committed in substituting the lead for gold; suffice it to say, that this latter crime, too, was of course attributed to the unfortunate Michael, and the police were again incited by the offer of immense rewards to exert all their ingenuity to discover the place of his supposed flight.

"Time rolled on, however, and the most daring and expert robbery of modern times," as the daily papers denominated it, was forgotten in the whirl and excitement of new occurrences.

In the time that has passed, the banker, too, had moved on until he towered the very colossus of Wall street.

With the eighty thousand dollars extracted from the bank vaults (deducting twenty thousand which was divided between the two accomplices) as a basis for fresh operations, he obtained success after success until it appeared almost impossible that (to use a Wall street term) he should again be cornered.

It was mid-winter—the city was covered with a new-fallen mantle of snow, which reflecting the moonbeams of a cold February night, made the night in question almost as light as day.

Through the blinds of Lucretia Salviani's house in Spring street those moonbeams also crept, and found her seated by the window, looking intently into the courtyard before the door.

The lamp was burned down very low, in order to enable her to see into the night more distinctly; so the moon's rays peered through the blinds and lay in long stripes of white light upon the carpet.

I may as well tell you now in as few words as possible such interesting antecedents in Lucretia's history as may be necessary.

An Italian by birth, she had emigrated to this country in infancy, with her parents; and at an early age had been placed by them upon the public stage as a dancer. Of course her beauty and grace soon gathered around her a host of admirers, but she was obdurate to all entreaties, until her passionate heart yielded to its love for the handsome and captivating Robert Vernon. He was a young man at the time, unmarried, and moreover poor; but she cast off her wealthy suitors, (many of whom would have gladly given her the sacred name of wife,) and threw herself into his arms, happier for the time being as his mistress, than she would have been to reign a queen. A year passed, and she bore her lover a son. Then for the first time she besought him to make her his wife; he refused; still she clung to him. A length he married another, and still she clung to him, for he told her that it was but a marriage of convenience; that he loved her and only her, and while he lived she should ever be uppermost in his thoughts.

She still clung to him, but she vowed that her child should never bear a blighted name; so when he returned from his wedding tour he found her clad in deep mourning, and she said to him, "Your son is dead."

He tried to look melancholy as he heard it, but strive as he would, the grim pleasure that the news afforded him would show itself. She observed it, and there was sown in her heart the first seeds of a hatred that was to displace all love, and to—why should I anticipate what the end will show.

She sat by the casement, there watching for him, and at length saw him enter the courtyard gate, so she sprang up, closed the shutters, and trimmed up the lamp, so that it shed around a brilliant light.

Vernon entered just as she did so, and closing the door, he pressed her close to his breast and kissed her.

She returned the embrace quite earnestly, but it cost her a great effort to do so, and then drawing him to a seat beside her on the sofa, she said abruptly: "I hear it is commonly reported that your daughter is to be married."

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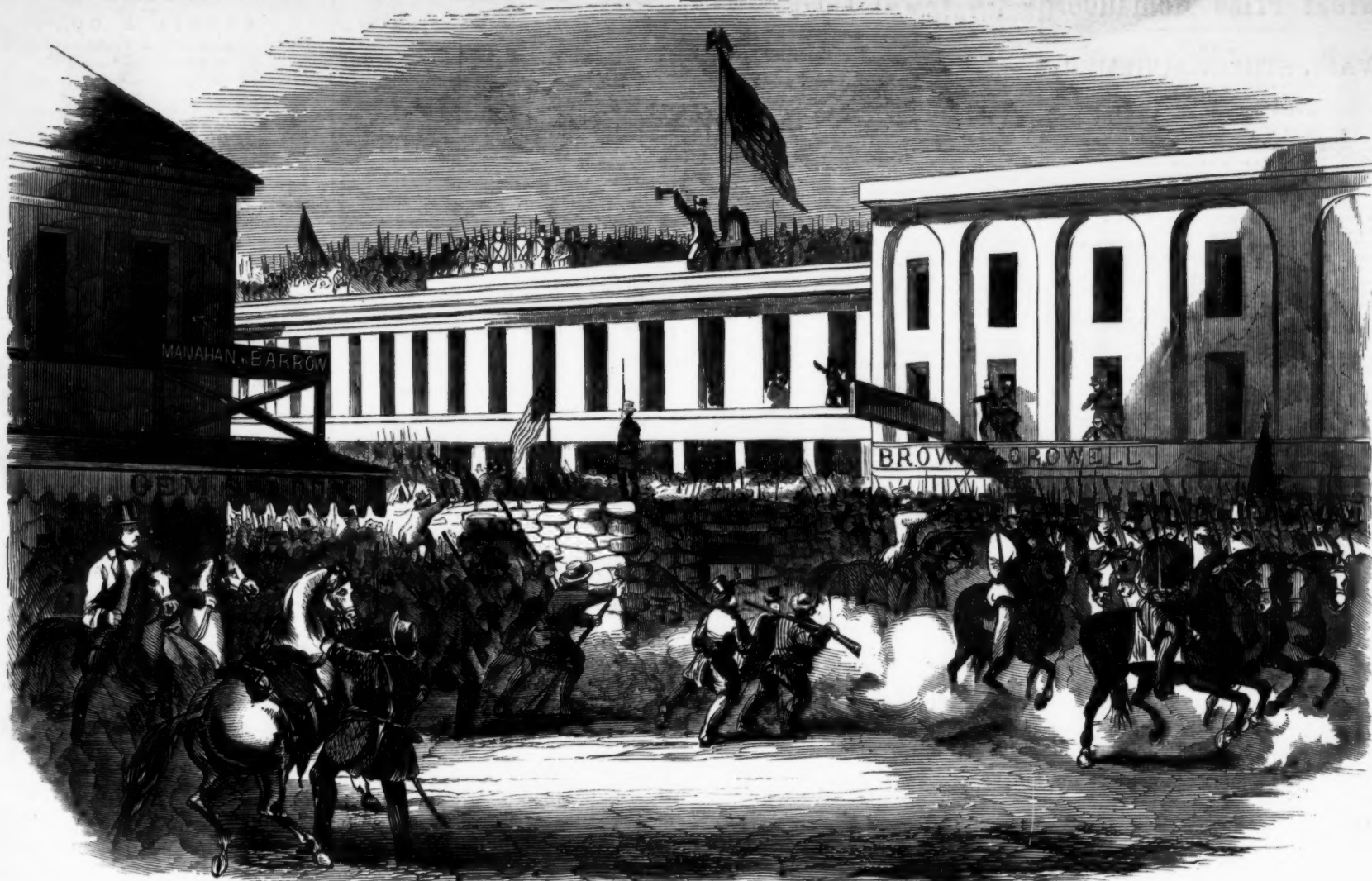
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filled every part of the vessel. The alarm among the passengers may be better conceived than described. Most of them having retired for the night, seized their life-preservers and rushed into the saloons in their night clothes. In a few seconds the saloons were filled with a dense body of steam, and the frantic passengers rushed wildly to and fro through the suffocating vapor, seeking to reach the open air. As it was impossible to see the way thither, they had to feel it out, stumbling against each other and over sofas and chairs at every step. Supposing, from the steam and smoke, that the boat was on fire, and unable from the darkness to see the true condition of things, for some time the passengers continued to blindly rush from one part of the boat to the other, giving vent to their fears in loud shouts and screams and imprecations, that rendered the general confusion more appalling. Then came, loud above all the din, the agonizing shrieks and groans of the wounded, to swell the horrors of the occasion. Capt. Brayton promptly caused the engine to be stopped, and then dropped anchor and proceeded to investigate the extent of the disaster. Upon examination it was found that the steam-chest around the smoke-stack had exploded about on a level with the upper deck, forcing the steam all through the boat with terrific force. Wherever the scalding vapor touched it blistered, and

as the result of the casualty, it was found that a large number of people were scalded with more or less severity. Out of those, six have died, and sixteen others are suffering untold tortures, many of them being doubtless injured past recovery.

The distressing cries of the wounded soon recalled those who had escaped injury from their temporary forgetfulness, and everybody set to work with a will to do what he could to alleviate the sufferings of the injured and dying. Many of the passengers, however, could not overcome their fears enough to lay aside their life-preservers before they had got back to the wharf at Fall River. With all tenderness and dispatch the wounded were picked up and taken to the saloon, and although no medical man was on board to advise, everything possible was done to ease their sufferings. Oil, flour and cotton were applied to scalded parts, and other means of relief were resorted to. It is feared that a large proportion of those who are scalded will die, as many of them have inhaled the burning steam. The wounded presented a terrible spectacle. Every spot upon which the steam had struck was scalded so severely that the skin peeled off at the touch. As soon after the accident as practicable the boat was put about for Fall River, to land the injured for medical treatment. Wm. Magee, Fred. Boardman, Philip Ball, Hiram Peacher,

Erza Williams and John Smith were almost instantly killed. A great number of persons were wounded, many of whom have since died.

When the steam-chest exploded the steam went down through the grate bars to the blow-box, which burst, the steam escaping to the deck. A portion of the deck passengers and crew were standing near and were enveloped in the burning steam. The scene which ensued beggars all description, and the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying filled the entire boat, and carried consternation to the hearts of those who providentially escaped. The confusion which prevailed among all the passengers can hardly be realized. A characteristic anecdote is told of a lady, who was asleep in her state-room on deck. Her little boy with a servant was below in the ladies' cabin. The lady, in alarm for the safety of her child, became so weak from excitement that she could not go to look for the child. The pilot went below and found the little fellow uninjured, but so blackened and begrimed by coal dust and dirt that his mother could not recognize him as her child, and it was only after considerable persuasion, and the little one himself had begun to cry, that she realized that he was safe. Her transports at his safety may be imagined.



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